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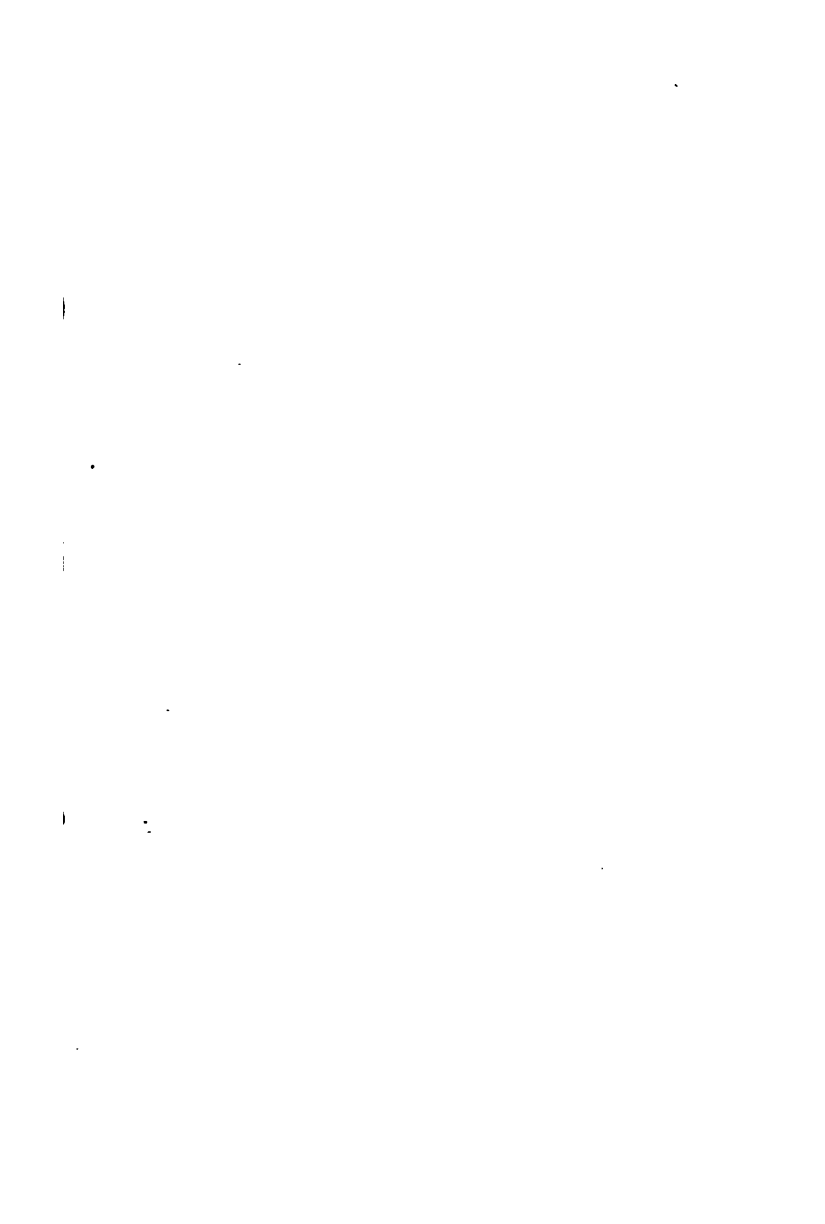
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ALFRED LENNOX ;

OR,

PUSEYISM UNVEILED.

*A Tale for the Times.*

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"Beloved, believe not every spirit (i.e. doctrine), but try the spirits whether they are of God."—1 JOHN iv. 1.

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"—  
LUKE xviii. 8.

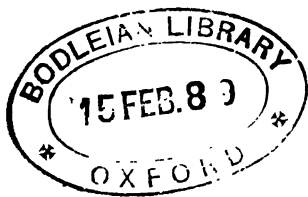
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THIS VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE WHO, AT THE PRESENT EVENTFUL  
CRISIS OF THE HISTORY OF

*The Church,*

ARE WAVERING BETWEEN DIFFERENT OPINIONS, AND UNABLE TO  
DECIDE THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION,

*What is Truth?*

READER!

PRAY THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD MAY ENLIGHTEN  
YOUR HEART, AND REVEAL TO IT

*The Truth,*

AS IT IS IN JESUS,

AND THEN A VOICE FROM THE CLOSET MAY BE BLESSED  
IN LEADING YOUR SOUL INTO THE  
WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.





ALFRED LENNOX;  
OR,  
PUSEYISM UNVEILED.

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"WE live in perilous times, indeed," exclaimed the Rev. E. Lennox, as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading on the table, and looked in an agitated manner at his daughter, who sat at work near him. "More secessions, papa?" she enquired, scarcely lifting her eyes from her work. "Yes, Adela: two zealous Church of England clergymen; one whom I had known and respected in former years, and the other, Alfred's tutor before he went to Oxford." Tears filled Adela's eyes as she exclaimed, "Poor Mr. Barrington; I am sorry for him!" And her tears fell silently.

Was there any deeper cause for the tears of this child of prosperity, than the mistaken step of an old and respected friend? Time shall reveal. After a few moments her father resumed the subject. "This was the man whose integrity I could not doubt; to whom I entrusted my boy at that age when youth is most susceptible of new impressions. God grant that Alfred may not have imbibed those ideas which are so injurious to that vital godliness I had ever prayed may be his."

These words were uttered calmly by the speaker. It was to him but a new and vague fear, and he had too much faith in his covenant-keeping God to believe that such could happen; but the deep flush that overspread his daughter's face died away as quickly to a deathlike paleness, as her whole frame trembled with some secret emotion. Her father observed her. "I ought not even to think of this," he continued; "it is but a foolish fear, but it agitates you, my love: do not let this dear boy become an idol to your heart."

Alas! he was so to both; so secretly does the beloved object twine itself around the hearts even of those who are taught of God.

When Adela could trust her voice to speak, she said, "I think I shall go into the air a little." "Go, my child, it will do you good, and I shall write to Alfred."

In a short time Adela's slight form was seen by him passing through the dark walk, where so often, when their dear mother lived, they had together watched Alfred and Adela bounding on in the happy hours of childhood, the bright bloom on their cheeks testifying of the joy and freshness that reigned within their hearts. And Adela's mind was at the same instant reverting to those happy days, but with what different sensations! Alfred the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and as she once thought she had reason to hope, the brother in the best of ties, was a change, a sad change come in him? Alas! many sentiments, apparently accidentally expressed, led her to fear such from some of

his late letters. Yet could it be so? Could that dear brother ever become a grief to the father who had trained him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Could the child of many prayers be suffered to wander from the right path? Could the Christian mother's last blessing be as a forgotten prayer in the sight of Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice; much less the prayer of faith from one whose death was precious in his sight? Oh no! A God of love would bless Alfred as He had blessed his sister, and lead him in the way of life.

Thus did Adela reason with herself, and try to dispel her fears, but the sighing of the autumnal wind, as it bore its tribute of withered leaves to her feet, sank dismally upon her heart. This was her first *secret* sorrow (a sorrow, therefore, to which human sympathy was denied); and who that has tasted of such will not allow that it is the heaviest and the hardest to be borne? Would

it be the safest plan to shew Alfred's letters to her father? It might, but she had promised him that no eye but hers should see them, as he often wished to speak of one he loved, her chosen friend, Agnes St. Clair, and her name was mentioned in almost all : her word could not be forfeited. Besides, if Alfred's mind had been changed, conviction alone could have effected it ; and if so, from what she knew of his character, argument and entreaty would be used in vain, even by the dearest. Prayer should be her only refuge, the safest and best for any troubled child of man ; and in the lonely grotto she had now reached, she poured out the burden of her sorrows to her God.

When Mr. Lennox had finished his letter, the library door was gently opened, and the bright face of his younger and more beautiful child, Marion, appeared. Her father answered the beaming expression of that joyous eye by telling her where Adela would be found, and then folding his arms around

that fair young form that sixteen summers had but just passed over, lifted his eyes to heaven as he murmured the ardent prayer, "Oh! that you both were sisters in Jesus." Marion's eye sank beneath the solemn glance that fell upon her, but never before did her heart so earnestly sigh for the fulfilment of that dear parent's wishes.

Apparently overcome by his feelings, he released her, and with a slower step Marion continued her search. She found Adela sitting in the grotto; she had found relief in prayer, but her eyes bore the traces of many tears. At length to Marion's anxious enquiries she revealed the cause, and was astonished at the strength of mind that she displayed on this trying occasion; she earnestly entreated of Adela to have no more reserve with Alfred on the subject. "Write to him," she continued, "fully; you deserve his confidence, dear Adela, and if this is not the case, your mind will be at once at rest; if it is, your words may remind him of what he

owes our dear father, and of that simple belief that he was taught from childhood ; but I am still afraid that it is as we fear."

Adela sought direction in prayer, and then wrote to this dear brother ; but no answer was returned to this letter. An interval of some time had passed when a letter from Alfred arrived, but it was to his father, and there was no enclosure for Adela. He briefly mentioned Mr. Barrington's secession as being a matter of no surprise to him, and then stated that he was appointed to a curacy in ———, and was so busy preparing for his ordination, that he could not spend some time previous to it, as he had intended, at home ; he concluded desiring that Marion would write soon to him, but not a word of Adela, except where she was slightly alluded to when he sent his love to the girls.

Adela trembled, and a cold chill came over her, but her father's thoughts had taken a new turn, and he did not perceive the sweet light of hope die away in that anxious eye.



The long-expected period had arrived; Alfred was to be sent forth to preach the everlasting Gospel. Ah! if his beloved mother had but lived to see this happy day! Short-sighted man! repine not; remember that the faithful servants of a wise Master are often taken from the evil to come. This was a joyful day to him, but it was strange, no one seemed to share it with him; Adela was so changed, so unlike in this way what his dear first Adela would have been. Could she have become selfish and unsympathizing? He could not go so far as to think so; in every other respect she was the same as ever: and even Marion, the lively, amusing, laughter-loving favourite of the household, seemed to have imbibed some of the sadness of her sister's spirit. A cloud rested on her joyous brow, and feeling something of gloom steal over him, he went out to find in the conversation of some acquaintances the sympathy that was denied at home.

The hours that passed before his return

were spent by the sisters in prayer together and conversation, intermingled, it is true, with tears and sighs, for no doubt could now be entertained but that the beloved one was gone astray from the truth, as such a pressing letter as Adela's could not otherwise remain unanswered and unnoticed.

Strengthened by communing thus with the Comforter and Deliverer of his people, Adela met her father that evening calmly, if not cheerfully; she even spoke of Alfred's prospects without any apparent effort.

"I am sorry that Alfred's curacy is in that district," her father remarked, "as Puseyism is very prevalent there." The sisters felt their fears almost confirmed, when he spoke: "but," he continued, "it does not make me uneasy, as I know of an inducement to it, a strong one in the eyes of a lover;—it is within a few miles of Mr. St. Clair's residence." "Then you do not disapprove of Alfred's choice, papa?" "No, Adela, I rather approve of it, though I would

wish that Miss St. Clair's views were more decided on religious subjects." "Oh, papa," Marion exclaimed, "you do not know Agnes; she is so anxious and zealous, and does so much good." "I do not doubt that all this is the case, but, Marion, this and much more may proceed from *natural* religion; that she is inclined to be religious is certain, yet there is a great distinction between all this and the work of the Spirit of God in the heart. When Miss St. Clair was here I saw many hopeful signs of her desire for religion, but none of a real conversion of the heart. I am not surprised that you all love her, but I would desire a person of decided piety for Alfred's wife, and I think that he would require one."

A sad echo answered "Yes" in Adela's heart to all her father's words; but there was more still to be feared, if he had known all. Adela had still more reason to fear Alfred's influence over the mind of Agnes.

Agnes St. Clair was an only child; to a

very interesting appearance, which amounted to loveliness in Alfred's ideas, she joined good natural dispositions, which had been fostered by a careful education, that is to say, she was very amiable and sweet tempered; but her ideas of religion came very far short of Adela's. Many were their conversations on the subject, but all had failed to convince Agnes that a *total change of heart* should take place within her before she could become a child of God. Adela could remember when "a change" had come over "the spirit of her dream," and all things were made "*new*;" but there was no such memorial in the mind of Agnes, and she saw no need be for it. She was even more active than Adela (at least more was known of her labours), and she felt no stings of conscience as she walked in what she considered the path of duty. And kind and benevolent parents lent their steady aid to the labours of their good and pious child. No storm had ever tried her faith; she basked in the

sunshine of prosperity, but she did not know that she stood in her own strength, and that many and deep waters were yet to pass over her soul.

- To such an ardent inexperienced mind Adela feared, with too much reason, the influence of error when inculcated by a lover, the object of this trusting girl's dearest affections, and one whom she had for years looked forward to as her future husband. To join their names together, and plead for them at the throne of grace, was all the sisters could do at the present alarming crisis, and for them Marion first learned to pray with her heart.

Alfred was settled in his curacy, and his letters to his father expressed great satisfaction in it; but none reached Adela, who at this season of perplexity was summoned to Bath to attend an invalid aunt, to whom she was fondly attached. Trusting all things into the hands of Him who worketh after the counsel of his own will, Adela left home

for an uncertain period, feeling that she could trust her beloved Marion implicitly, even in circumstances of greater trial, if they should present themselves. And they did. A most pressing invitation to Marion to come to her brother for some time reached a week after Adela left home; and Mr. Lennox, ever ready to sacrifice his own comfort for the good of others, desired Marion to prepare for the journey. Attributing her reluctance to a desire not to leave him alone, he hastened the preparations with greater ardour, and Marion (having written a hasty letter to Adela, imploring of her to devise some means for her speedy recall, as she trembled when she thought of her own weakness in scenes of such temptation, and regretting deeply Adela's absence) was on her way to T——, where Alfred intended to meet her.

Alfred Lennox had just attained his twenty-fourth year; to a tall and well-formed figure was added an open and intelligent countenance, a smile of peculiar sweetness; and

his dark hazel eyes had something so beautiful in their expression, that while under their influence one would be likely to imagine that nothing could be wrong in the sentiments that flowed eloquently from his lips. When he was about sixteen his father perceived with secret delight that his mind was agitated by religious impressions, and sanguine in this matter to a fault, with respect to his children, he decided on fitting him for the office of minister, and placing him under the care of Mr. Barrington, felt his mind relieved of a heavy care ; and willing (as we all are) to believe what we desire, felt satisfied that all would go on well with his only son, as it had with his dear Adela from the time her mind had first turned seriously to that important subject. Alfred, who was possessed of a powerful imagination and ardent feelings, would have required the guiding of a more experienced person than Mr. Barrington, who was but six years older than him ; and soon they became as brothers,—

brothers also in opinions that Mr. Lennox would have trembled to perceive.

High church principles were inculcated by the tutor, and drunk in with eagerness by the pupil, who believed at first that in adopting them, he only sought for his dear father, that which ought to be his position,—but which, what he considered, an erring feeling of humility kept him from demanding sooner,—and the evil became wider, when, at the end of some time, the ardent and inexperienced Alfred was sent to continue his studies at Oxford. He parted from his tutor, who was expecting his ordination with unfeigned regret, and to the mistaken zeal of the beloved pupil, this gentleman's secession at a later period may in a great measure be attributed. His course at Oxford exhibited talents that drew the attention of some of the leading members; some of these strongly imbued with principles similar to Mr. Barrington's, but going *far deeper and wider in their aim and end*, broke down by degrees



the barriers that early impressions had made on his youthful mind; and Alfred became, almost unknown to himself, an alien from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, and a stranger from that covenant that makes the Lord Jesus Christ the Alpha and the Omega, the all in all, the beginning and the end of the believer's hope for time and eternity.

When full proof was given that Alfred had imbibed the sentiments of many around him, there were not wanted whispers from some of his friends advising him to conceal the change in his opinions from a father who was so wedded to his own, and apparently so assured in them, that there was but little doubt if he was aware of Alfred's change of mind, he would not only think it his duty by argument and entreaty to draw his son back, but would also, if he continued steadfast in them, prevent, or at least delay, his ordination. Those feelings, combined with others of a more generous nature, made

Alfred determine on concealment for some time; and on the arrival of Adela's letter, he thought it better not to reply, as a decided avowal could only be given; and besides he shrank from thus sending what he knew would be a serious wound to the hearts of those he loved.

Arrived at —, he found everything in a favourable condition for the propagation of his opinions. He was but one of the many Oxford had sent out tinctured with sentiments of a similar description, and but a few were found steadfast in resisting them. Need we say they were those who were *enlightened* by the spirit of their God, and could give a reason for the hope that was in them with meekness and fear! Mr. St. Clair's family, who had never attended at — church before, now became regular attendants, drawn not only by the peculiar tie existing between them and Mr. Lennox's family, but also attracted, as many others were, by the eloquent discourses of the young minister.

And if the parents, and even perfectly disinterested persons, were yielding to the magic of his words, shall we wonder that the ardent spirit of Agnes was caught by the infection? How often did it happen that the soft shades of evening still found her lingering within the church, while Alfred's eyes beamed with holy joy as he enlarged on the propriety of the various ornaments (now so generally introduced into our English churches), and spoke with rapture on the blessed ministry of happy angels, as they hover over the steps of those who are chosen of God, and bear them in their hands lest at any time the enemy come upon them. Agnes listened and lingered, when she should have flown from error so insidiously conveyed, and though at times she would argue, when she thought Alfred went too far, yet she began by degrees to feel that all this time she had been in error; she was right here, but where her error now lay, was in considering that she was finding the path of truth.

Young and ardent Protestants of Great Britain, listen not to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely—meddle not with the error now finding its way into the heart of a church so long blessed with the unsullied light of truth. Be no longer satisfied with going through the outward forms of the religion you have been instructed in, but enter thou into thy closet, and when thou hast shut too thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and He which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. Seek that the beams of the Sun of Righteousness may so fall on his inspired Word, as to cause it to spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold in your hearts.

Long had Agnes St. Clair desired to be of the number of those who shall be on his right hand in the day of his appearing, but she had not come as a little child to the feet of Jesus, she had still retained her own opinions, still her steps lingered in a world whose friendship is enmity to God, she was a waverer on the threshold of happiness, but

the strait gate was too low for her to stoop to, the way was too narrow for her to walk in, and consequently she was as a reed shaken with every wind, and tossed—a vessel beat upon by contrary gales, without a pilot, whose wisdom alone could have brought it to a city of habitation.

Alfred met his young sister with feelings of the most unconstrained delight, he had so long debarred himself from the society of his own family, that thus to meet and welcome one of its beloved members to his new home, was what he had scarcely dared hope for; but he felt also that in this proof of his father's unlimited confidence in him, there was a tacit demand not to abuse it by tempting Marion, as he had already tempted Agnes, with his new and fondly cherished opinions. It was late when they arrived, but Marion felt during that night satisfied, at all events on one point, that whatever had been the motive for his silence to Adela, his affection was if possible increased for her.

An early visit from Agnes to her the next

day was a new source of joy to Alfred ; for love had made him selfish, so far as to enjoy the society of a sister doubly, remembering that it would bring him so much more of the society of his beloved. Alfred proposed taking Marion to see the church and some parts of the town that were particularly worthy of a stranger's early inspection. When they entered the church, Marion started back, it was so unlike the quiet, unpretending little church where her father had ministered for many years. Marion's surprize was observed, and feeling herself called upon to speak, she remembered the conversations at home on this subject, and gave the substance of them to her companions. Agnes looked shocked at her difference of opinion from her brother ; but, more accustomed to such things, he led her gently forward, and then appealing to her feelings, spoke as follows,—

“Is it possible, dear Marion, that you do not feel in such a place as this your devo-

tional feelings aroused, and a holy serenity steal over you ; as in this sacred spot you see many things arranged so as to draw your thoughts to God, who deserves to be honoured with every gift that man can devise or bestow for enriching and beautifying his temple ?”

“ Far from it, Alfred ; I feel my mind so powerfully drawn to those external things that I know *I* would be led to rest in them, instead of their drawing up my thoughts to Him whom they are intended to honour. I have never felt my thoughts so raised to heaven as where art has never pressed its hand, in the wild mountain scenery that surrounded my uncle’s house, during the summer Adela and myself spent in Ireland. If external objects can elevate the mind, it is where the finger of the Almighty is so plainly traced. Where in looking on the wonderful works of nature, the heart remembers with holy joy this is the work of an Almighty Saviour—of a gracious though

all-powerful God. I do not mean to say that such a scene is necessary to draw the mind to God, for I know that his spirit can in the most unlikely places work upon the heart, and that *until* it operates, we could neither in that mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

Marion paused, overpowered by the excitement of the moment, but before Alfred could speak, she resumed,—

"As to bringing offerings to God, dear Alfred, I know that He is worthy of all we have and are; but what does he demand? 'Sacrifice and offering He does not desire,' and the sacrifice that pleases Him is not the decking of our churches with outer ornament, only calculated to attract, or perhaps, to become a snare to the eyes of the ignorant, but the bringing into them individually the sacrifice he desires, that of an humble and contrite heart, that worships Him in *simplicity* and in *truth*."



Her auditors listened in displeased astonishment. Agnes thought Marion very presumptuous (at the age of sixteen) to oppose her own opinions to those of a brother so much older than herself, and he a clergyman, admired and respected already by hundreds; her high church principles received a great shock, and she would have turned angrily away, but a glance at Alfred's expressive countenance stopped her, she read in it an expression of the keenest disappointment, yet a look of sorrow more than anger.

He felt that he might as well have brought Adela at once to the subject. He found that the joyous child he had left at home was become a woman in reflection and understanding. And he little knew what share his own conduct had had in deepening her views on religious subjects, and strengthening her hold of the truth. Zealous as he was, he saw that much wisdom would be required in dealing with her; and to the great disappointment of Agnes, he drew

their attention to other subjects, and soon left the church.

Marion, when the first excitement of the scene was over, felt ashamed at having spoken so much ; she recollected her extreme youth and inexperience. She had seen Agnes's look of scorn, and felt for an instant as if she had gone too far ; but then better thoughts came ; she hoped that she had, however feebly, spoken according to her early instructions from the Word of God, and as Adela would speak if called on as she had been ; and then feeling her own weakness, surrounded with temptations, she prayed for strength, and also for grace that she may be a partaker of that *vital* religion she saw to be necessary, of which her revered father and darling sister were the living witnesses.

A long letter to the latter, conveying the sad tidings of the certainty of dear Alfred's declension, was the result of this day's observation.

Marion saw but little of her brother the

wise Ruler of the Universe, shall be all cleared up, when the Lord shall judge the world in righteousness.

Now,—and Alfred had risen up to preach, and with breathless anxiety the trembling sister watched his every word ; his text was, “ Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins,” James v. 19, 20.

The first verse sent a thrill through her heart : there he was *the* wanderer from the truth, about to preach to others on that subject, supposing all to be in error that did not hold his opinions, while he was become the propagator of error the most specious, bringing it into the bosom of that church in which a Christian father had reared him with the fondest care, and watched with the most anxious feelings over the first dawn of piety in his soul.

The sister was not aware that it was his ardent desire to convert *her* that had caused his choice of this passage of Scripture on the first and, perhaps, the only time she should hear him. He spoke on the declension of the church since the apostolic age, of the numbers who had consequently erred, and then briefly alluded to the efforts now making to restore it to the purity of the primitive ages. The credulous glance that Marion involuntarily threw at Agnes was unnoticed by her ; her soul was hanging upon his words, and she drank them as devoutly as the heathens of old drank in the replies of their favorite oracles. But now a burst of eloquence, so fervent and impressive that it quite engrossed the wanderings of Marion's thoughts, burst from her brother's lips as he came to that part of the subject that spoke of the conversion of the erring one ; and while his whole soul seemed to be in the subject, as he described the yearnings of heart over the beloved, his eyes—his expressive

eyes, now appearing tenfold more so—fell in one long deep glance on his young and “erring” sister. Marion met it, and felt spell-bound for an instant ; her soul seemed to him replying through her agitated countenance, “ Oh ! Alfred, if you love me, set me right ;” and encouraged beyond his fondest expectations, he spoke more particularly, while his voice thrilled with emotion : “ How much more will the soul of him who has found the truth for himself agonize over the wanderer, if the wanderer should be one of those whose loved familiar names sound sweetly on his ear ; a beloved member of the happy household, whose beaming glance on his return had ever welcomed him with joy, and told him it was ‘home.’ If it should be the brother or the *sister* he had borne in his arms in the happy days of childhood, whose infantile caresses had wound her around his heart, and who was still more the last treasure, the youngest darling left by a sainted mother to his love.

Alfred had got thus far when his eyes again fell upon his loved one, but in a torrent of tears she had sunk on Agnes totally overcome; the thrilling emphasis he had laid on the word sister pierced her soul, but when he spoke of her mother, her long-restrained feelings became ungovernable, and even Agnes felt that Alfred had said too much. He now concluded that part of his sermon rapidly, and spoke powerfully of the infinite value of the soul (a subject but little considered as it ought), and painted so vividly the horrors of eternal death, that Marion forgot her recent anguish while she listened, and was obliged to own that nothing reprehensible had as yet passed her brother's lips; but when he came to the last clause of his sermon, "And shall hide a multitude of sins," a chill came over her as he spoke erroneously on this point. He represented it as being an act so pleasing to God, that a multitude of sins would be forgiven for it; not the sins of the converted sinner, but the sins of him who converted him.

Marion covered her face in an agony of shame; to hear a brother so talented, so amiable, so beloved, take such a view of those words was terribly trying to a fond sister; but to remember that he was misleading hundreds of precious souls entrusted to his care, and for whom he would be answerable before the bar of God, was a thought so awful that she could not dwell on it. And when the eloquent preacher had ceased, she stood as if in a dream by her friend's side. The silent pressure of her hand was the only sign of sympathy she had received from Agnes, who felt for her at the moment, but had soon forgotten her anguish in her close attention to the sermon. All had appeared right to her, and she had no idea of the bitter suffering Marion now endured on hearing falsehood (drawn as it were from Scripture) from her darling brother, and she bade her farewell at the church door with a look almost of exultation, as she believed that Marion could, after such a sermon, no longer question Alfred's opinions.

Alfred soon joined his sister ; he knew she was affected, and was not surprised by her silence. When they had passed through some streets, he led her through some fields towards his house, as he thought she required the air. When they had reached a fine open field, on which the sun shone brightly on this mild winter's day, he felt her hand tremble on his arm ; he stopped, and asked her to sit on the grass, as she appeared still weak ; but to his surprise she said in a firm but husky voice, as she refused to do so, " Alfred, you have this day grieved my very soul." " I know it, darling, but you will forgive the earnestness for your salvation that made me forget all caution, and thus try your feelings." " I do not mean *that*," Marion replied, in a tone that seemed to imply that was nothing in comparison : " but I do mean, my brother, that my heart has been wounded by you in a far more grievous manner. I mean that I heard this day what would have sent the bitterest anguish to our



revered father, and broken the heart of our gentle Adela." "What is it, beloved Marion ; what is it?" Alfred almost screamed with terror. "It is having heard you, my brother, my only brother, preach error from your pulpit ; hearing you for the first time, and hearing you then tell the many souls committed to your trust, that for an act of man, wretched sinful man, his sins against the majesty of heaven would be forgiven ! Alfred," she continued, as he was eagerly about to speak, "I will not hear you ; more than once this day has the enemy taken advantage of my yielding so far from respect to you, and attending your church, to tempt me to believe a lie, but never shall I again *enter* into temptation. Now I know my weakness, and I warn you, Alfred, as you value a father's blessing, still more as you believe that you must yet render an account to God, never again to tempt a weak child like me with error coming from one so dear. Oh ! that it should come from my own Alfred,

my darling brother!" and the feelings of the fondly-attached sister overpowered her as she stood unable to proceed, and burst into tears.

There they stood in that open meadow, the youthful figure of the sorrowing girl finely contrasted with the manly form of her deeply-agitated brother, a fine subject for a painter: the trembling Marion leaning her slight frame upon him, while he looked on her with a countenance expressive of the deepest emotion. He gently drew her bonnet off, and let the fresh breeze fan her flushed cheek, and play in her dark hair as it now fell and floated loosely behind.

Many minutes, agonizing to both, had passed, when with a strong effort Marion endeavoured to proceed; and although Alfred spoke many words of kindness and assurances of unchanged affection, she could not trust herself to reply, but as they entered the house she cast on him one look of love, and flew to her own apartment. Here she firmly

resolved never again to attend his church or any other where the principles of the officiating minister's were in the slightest degree doubtful; and trembling at the danger she had just escaped, she felt the preserving hand that had saved her, and resolved to seek that God as her Father and her Friend for ever.

During a week's illness that followed this day of trial, Alfred's fondest attentions were lavished on her; but the subject of religion was become by Marion's own act an interdicted one, and but for her firmness in this respect, Alfred's zeal may have led him to press his opinions still more strongly, when her sufferings were at this time rendering her dearer to him.

At the end of the week the following note reached her from Adela :—

“ Bath; Dec. 10th, 1849.

“ My darling Marion.

“ My heartfelt sympathy and prayers are yours, but I have trusted you to Him

who has never forsaken those that sought Him. You may be assured of speedy deliverance from your present trials. Our dear aunt's health is now much improved. With fondest love to Alfred,

“I remain,

“Your truly fond sister,

“ADELA LENNOX.”

It was a sharp evening; the faint rays of the moon were struggling through heavy clouds, and shedding a feeble light on the path of a young female, who having left an humble cottage, where sickness had long taken up its abode, was crossing a path just outside the entrance of the town, apparently so engrossed with her own thoughts of mercy, as to be regardless of the loneliness of the scene. She scarcely noticed two persons approaching her from the other side, one a lady in a travelling dress, and the other a guide bearing some luggage, until as she was quickly passing them, a well-known

voice exclaimed, "Agnes!" And she met the fond embrace of Adela.

After the first surprise and enquiries were over, and Adela had been assured that Marion was now much better, she enquired with astonishment what was the cause of her friend's being out on such a night, and alone. Agnes blushed as she replied, half smiling, "Only visiting some poor people." "But why not choose the day-time, and more favourable weather for such a purpose?" "Dear Adela," her friend returned, "do you not know that the more self-denial we practise the better it shall be—" "For us?" Adela added, taking up the words Agnes had felt some hesitation in making use of to *her*. "Ah! dear Agnes, do you think that He who desires his service to be a service of perfect freedom, requires this at your hands? While we are bound with our bodies and our spirits to glorify Him, we are to do it in the spirit of grateful love to Him who has redeemed us by his precious blood, and not

with an idea that by adding as much personal suffering as we can to those services, to give them any merit in the sight of God."

"But are we not told," Agnes eagerly enquired, "that whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward?" "Certainly; and I have an answer for that also; but we shall talk of it at another time. Are you not some miles from home? Come with me, and we shall get a mode of conveyance for you." "My car is waiting near that white house; farewell, my dearest friend, until to-morrow." And Agnes was out of sight in an instant.

"Dear, mistaken girl," thought Adela, 'may He whose spirit alone can enlighten the heart, set your steps aright, and guide you into all truth.' But now, still more pressing thoughts intruded as she drew near her brother's house. She was coming there a self-invited, and it may be an unwelcome, guest; she was coming to fulfil a sad duty to her young sister, that of removing her

from the influence of this idolized brother ; and she was now to meet him for the first time as an avowed Puseyite, separated from her in faith and hope.

Alfred was not at home, and having got the servant to announce her arrival cautiously to Marion, she once more hung over this tried sister with feelings of the deepest emotion. Marion related to her all that had occurred, and had concluded when Alfred returned.

To paint the scene that followed between him and the sister of his heart and youth, at this to him unexpected meeting, would be more than pen could describe. Their few words might be related, but the anguish, the secret emotions of each, the yearning of heart one over the other, the distrust, the misery in distrusting, the half relentings, and yet the fear of relenting to an object so beloved, caused conflicting sensations in each bosom, which the imagination alone can represent to the reader's mind.

When those feelings had in some measure subsided, the subject nearest to their thoughts was, as by mutual consent, laid aside for that evening; and forgetting in the happiness of the moment sadder ideas, Alfred and Adela sat together, as of old, feeling only the power of those ties that still bound them together. Marion sighed as she looked on them, it reminded her also of the past, and she felt how sad was the trial that would ere long estrange such a brother and sister one from the other.

The first time they were alone, Alfred spoke of Adela's letter, apparently so long forgotten. "Do not think, my dear sister, that it was neglect that caused my silence; I felt it to be a powerful appeal to my heart and my affections as a brother, but there were reasons, powerful reasons, that at the time would not suffer me to let my father become acquainted with some of my opinions; and since those reasons have been removed, Adela, I delayed the hour from day to day



when I should have to wound a Father's heart, by a declaration of sentiments opposed to his in some respects, although in the first and great points the same." "I cannot see how they are so," Adela replied, "from all I have heard, Puseyism has brought grievous errors into the most essential doctrines of our church; it takes from some, and adds to others in the most presumptuous manner; but, Alfred, has not the Word of God said, 'If any man add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book, and if any man shall take away from the words of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book.' Rev. xxii., verses 18, 19. "You are quite mistaken; we bring nothing back to the church but what was allowed and practised in the early ages, in the time of the fathers." "Even then error had crept in, St. Paul writes, 'The mystery of iniquity doth already

work.' Oh! Alfred, as you love your never-dying soul, put away from you the traditions of men, and *remember* that 'the Bible,' the Bible only is the religion of Protestants."\*

"Adela," Alfred replied in a solemn voice, as he drew the holy volume from his bosom, and pressed it to his heart, "Renegade as you think me in heart and principles, still I love my Bible." "Then forsake it not,—it alone bears the marks of inspiration,—study it with prayer for the light of God's Holy Spirit, and—" "Adela," he interrupted, "do *you* think I do not pray?" "I know you do, my brother; but many pray for direction to choose between two paths, which all the time their will is determined in favour of one, and they take a prejudiced view of everything carried on by their own desires. I fear that you are situated thus: a gross delusion has come upon you, the sure

\* Chillingworth.

sign foretold of the latter days, and I know where it will lead you." "Where?" he enquired, deeply agitated. Adela bent nearer to him as she answered in a deep and thrilling tone, "To Rome!" Alfred started; the flush of excited feeling gave way to a pallid hue, as he exclaimed, "Impossible! I shall never go so far: these innovations, that you censure as criminal, are harmless. I love my church, and would die to defend it." "You would just now, dear Alfred, but so would once also those who have gone before you in the path of error, but where has their star set?—alas! far from where it had risen." "Yet many good men have walked in this path, Adela." "Yes; good but deceived. Mr. Barrington was a good man, Alfred, and still he has gone to Rome. The good can go astray as well as the wicked, when they forsake the simplicity that is in Christ, and trusting to the light of their own reason, FORGET that 'the world by wisdom KNEW NOT God,' and that 'not many wise men after the

flesh' are called to the knowledge of his truth." (1 Cor. i., 21—26. "Adela, you wrong me very much; I do not trust to my own reason. You little know"—my sufferings, he would have said, but paused, and then added—"All I ask you for is a fair and impartial hearing of all I have to say in my own defence. I have hitherto feared to say much, as it may appear a breach of trust to my dear father; but, Adela, you will never know all it has cost me to be silent, while I saw those who were dearer than life rejecting what would tend to their salvation."

The door at this important moment opened and Agnes entered. It was a pleasing interruption to both; each felt that the argument was painful as it was hopeless, and the warm affection with which she greeted Adela told the latter that, however they may differ in opinion, their friendship was not at an end. She came to take the girls to spend the day with her, and Alfred promised to follow in the evening.

As Adela had come some distance from her direct road of return home to bring Marion from her scene of trial, she had told her father of her stolen visit, who thought it very natural; and having promised to spend but a week with Alfred, she was now glad of every opportunity that offered of being with Agnes.

Adela was for the first time introduced to Mrs. St. Clair, who appeared much prepossessed in her favour, and in a walk over the grounds, they passed the time together rather pleasantly for some hours. As they were returning home, one of Agnes's poor women met them and she delayed speaking to her for a few moments. When she had joined them, her mother's asking her some questions about the poor woman led to a long conversation on good works. Agnes maintained her opinion that they were both necessary and tended to salvation. Mrs. St. Clair did not express her opinion decidedly, but appeared anxious to hear Adela's, who

replied, "Dear Agnes, you forget that no work is good until a living faith is implanted in the heart by the Holy Spirit: this living faith unites the soul to the Lord Jesus Christ as a branch in the true vine, and being *in* Him, it is no longer under 'condemnation;' its sins are forgiven, and the believer is made a child of God (Acts x., 43; Gal. iii., 26); consequently, as we can then only begin doing any works that are truly good, they can have nothing to do with our salvation, for we are complete in him (Col. ii., 10); but we are still bound to do them, both for the glory of God and for proving the sincerity of our profession of faith, as 'faith without works is dead (James ii., 20). We thus prove our gratitude to Him who has redeemed us by his blood, and if we diligently use our talents and the measure of grace that is given to us, we shall have a reward hereafter, but it shall be one of grace and not of debt."

"How is that, my dear?" Mrs. St. Clair enquired, "if we are truly convinced of the

desperate depravity of our hearts by nature." Adela replied, "We shall fully enter into the meaning of the Saviour's words when he said, 'Without me ye can do nothing;' feeling sin continually present with us, we shall earnestly seek the help of his spirit. And therefore when enabled to do anything good, shall be ready to give *all* the glory to Him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness. We shall then fully understand the Apostle's injunction, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' In seeing our good works they ought to glorify Him, because it is by *his grace alone* we can do anything that is pleasing in his sight." "Why then is any reward given?" Agnes demanded. "For no other reason than that which drew from our heavenly Father's bosom the Son of his love, the desire to make his creatures happy and blessed; consequently He makes what brings glory to his name, bring good to their souls

also, and encourages them in running the race set before them here, by the promise that not even a cup of cold water given to a disciple in His name shall go unrewarded." "If salvation is secured before, what further reward can be given?" Agnes asked. "Heaven is certainly promised to all who have been changed in heart by the Holy Spirit, and led as miserable sinners to the feet of Jesus. But, Agnes, a spiritual temple is now preparing, in which the Lord shall dwell for ever. He is the chief corner stone, and each believer has to pass through a preparatory process while on earth, to be a lively stone in that glorious temple in the world to come, each will have his own place to occupy, some higher up, and some lower down, according as the heavenly Architect shall find them suited; but each shall be as happy as he can desire or bear, each shall rejoice in the unclouded presence of God, and for the first time become entirely forgetful of self in gazing upon Him."



“But how can one more than another be made fit for greater glory?” Agnes still unwilling to be convinced enquired. “By being made more meet for heaven, by becoming more spiritually minded, more fervent in desire, and more humble in heart, those who think they have attained to anything shall be bade to take with shame the lowest room, while, perhaps, those who thought themselves (as all should think themselves) the chief of sinners, but have *truly* endeavoured to *glorify their Saviour* in grateful love while He is despised and rejected here below, shall be called to a place of honour near his right hand.”

“What are the means usually employed for thus preparing them?” Mrs. St. Clair, who had been a long time listening in silence, asked of Adela. “Giving them high views of the perfections of his own character, and deep views of the corruption and depravity of their own hearts, by leading them through many and deep waters of spiritual trial, and

by afflictions weaning their affections from this world, and setting them more firmly on things above. As a beautiful writer\* has remarked: 'The stones on which the blows of the hammer fall thickest and heaviest are designed for especial honour;' also as St. Paul says: 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

"Your brother is an active workman now in building up believers for their future part in that heavenly temple," Mrs. St. Clair remarked, looking much animated by the subject. Adela started, her thoughts suddenly and painfully reverted to the state of her beloved brother, and the change in her countenance was so remarkable, that Mrs. St. Clair added, "Do you not think so, my dear?" Agnes and Marion both looked at her, one wishing she may give an evasive reply, the other pitying and sharing in her embarrassment."

"I do *not* think so, my dear Mrs. St.

\* Rev. Hugh White.

Clare," she replied candidly, while the anguish such a confession cost her was painted in her countenance. "This dear brother is, I doubt not, mistaken in many of his views; he, with many other Oxonians, has been led away from the truth he was early instructed in, and now I must warn you and Agnes, dear as he is to me, against giving full credence to his opinions."

"My dear child, he cannot be wrong." Agnes looked as if the same sentiment was hers also, but remembering that he was her lover kept her silent. "Your high opinion of him is the very thing that makes it more necessary for me to warn you of your danger. I trust the time will come when all this talent and zeal will be exerted for the truth; but at present, while error is mixed with it, while this dear brother is under a delusion on those subjects, I must only ask your prayers for him, while I caution you, and especially one of Agnes's character, from listening to his arguments."

Agnes could bear no more; she burst into

tears, and left them. "My poor child, what then will become of her?" the mother asked with emotion.

"Remove her from his influence, dear Mrs. St. Clair, as you value her everlasting welfare; I need not say how dear Alfred is to me, yet I must advise what will grieve him now, when I consider the danger there is in his society for her. Agnes has long promised us a visit; prevail on her to return with us, and I trust that my father's conversation will serve to draw her to the right way."

Mrs. St. Clair was struck by Adela's remarks, and promised to send Agnes in some time to them; but as Adela had to own to her the painful discovery she should make on her return home with respect to Alfred, she thought it better to let that be done before Agnes should join them.

In the evening, when Mr. St. Clair and Alfred were with them, the conversation turned on Ireland, and Adela, who had spent some time there, was able to give Mr. St.

Clair some information he wanted. They then spoke of the religion of the country. Adela had been in the south, and mentioned how generally the Roman Catholic religion prevailed there. "Are they not all invariably ignorant?" Mr. St. Clair enquired. "No, indeed; I have met with some highly informed persons, and still more, some who appeared truly zealous for the glory of God. They think Protestantism a cold, dead, lifeless religion, and I must own that they have too much reason to form that judgment from the lives of some of its professors. I have read a work called 'Geraldine,' in high esteem with them, in which it is thus represented; but they do not know that true believers possess vital godliness, and that those who really follow the precepts of their religion as Bible Christians have a greater task than man could ever command them to perform; that of casting down of imaginations, and bringing into captivity every *thought* to the obedience of Christ."

“Did you know any of those persons intimately, Adela?” her brother enquired. “Yes, Alfred; I knew and loved some who professed that religion, and adorned it, but the more I loved them, I felt still more deeply how sad it is to have one subject, and that the dearest, the *one* forbidden theme with those I loved.”

Alfred looked quickly away; he felt there was a similarity in his case to that which she alluded to; but Adela had never thought of him while she thought of friends she would never see again.

The Sabbath came. Alfred did not ask, but his eyes spoke the wish he still cherished, that Adela may attend his church; but Adela was inflexible, and she with Marion worshipped God in secret, perhaps not the less acceptably at home.

The next day was to be the last of their stay at Alfred's; they were to pay a farewell visit to the St. Clairs', and before they went, Adela received a letter from her father, and

finding a message in it for Alfred, she went to his study to give it; he was not there, but the door of an inner room in which she had known him spend many hours was half open. She entered it; the furniture consisted of a small table and chair, but a long black curtain hanging from the ceiling appeared to hide some of the room; she drew it aside quickly, but the next instant let it fall with an exclamation of fear, and stood overcome with astonishment for many minutes, unable to move. She believed she had seen a waxen figure, as large as life, of the suffering Saviour, and the agony it so powerfully expressed gave her a shock which left her almost fainting before it; her feelings were lacerated by the sight, and even when able to examine it, and to see that it was but a beautiful painting, she could scarcely collect her scattered thoughts, and left the place almost in a dream.

When able to reflect calmly, she determined on not acquainting her brother with

the discovery she had made, and finding that his case was far beyond her control, she committed him to a pitying Father in prayer, and with a forced calmness paid her last visits in the neighbourhood.

Alfred returned home, having seen his sisters in the train, and found himself again *alone*. He had grieved those dearest to him, and in a short time his father's tears would fall over (what he would consider) his son's departure from the faith. But he felt himself faithful to his principles, and prayed that nothing might be allowed to shake his cherished opinions. He retired to his most private apartment, and had spent he knew not how much time before the affecting image it contained, when a loud knocking at the door disturbed him, and hastily going to the outer room, he found Mr. Barrington ! In the surprise and pleasure of this meeting he did not at first perceive the great change that had taken place in his friend's appearance, but when some minutes had passed, he saw with pain the attenuated figure and



the frame slightly bent as with weakness : he looked pale and agitated. "I met your sisters, Alfred, at ——. Miss Lennox did not know me at first, but little Marion called me the instant she saw me, and I was equally astonished at seeing them ; they saw a change in me, but I saw almost as great a change in them. Little Marion is grown a young woman, and Miss Lennox is changed too ; some secret sorrow must have pressed upon her."

"It has been my unhappy lot to cause that," Alfred answered sorrowfully. "Yes, there was a kind of melancholy in every look and word. I can never forget her last words to me to day." "What were they?" "She said as we parted, in a voice that is still thrilling through every nerve, 'Mr. Barrington, I mourn for you.'" "She is mourning for you and me ; poor Adela, what a pity that she should be mistaken ! But I expected that you would have been admitted before now to priest's orders."

"So I thought also, Alfred, but I have

spent the time since my secession in strict retirement, trying, though in a measure vainly, to free my mind from one great obstacle." Alfred looked at him with surprise. "It is one," he continued, "that has come between me and peace; this heart, Alfred, is the shrine of an idol that will not be cast out, one that even struggles for empire with its God!"

His auditor appeared horrified, he had never taken so deep a view of the subject; but before he had time to reply Mr. Barington continued, "I wonder you have not perceived who that idol is. Alfred, it is *your sister!*"

Tears rushed to Alfred's eyes as he pressed his friend's hand with affectionate sympathy. Both were silent for some time, until Alfred said, "I never did perceive it, but perhaps, my dear friend, there is some hope Adela may." "Oh! do not speak so," Mr. Barington interrupted, "there is *no* hope, she was always kind as a friend, even at Marion's

age; she saw I loved her, and with a firmness and wisdom beyond her years, she shewed her determination not to understand me: if there was no hope then, what could there be now? She considers me as an apostate from the faith and church she loves, and perhaps blames me for your declension also."

"Far from it; Adela always speaks affectionately of you; she mourns, but does not blame us." "If I could think so, it would be happiness in a degree; yet I have much to comfort me. I have gone over to the one true church, and see a likelihood of my dearest friends following me in time. Yes, Alfred, I know you too shall be brought to see that there can be but one church infallible and undivided; that church to whom the gathering in of the faithful is now given; that church that is now rising in its pristine glory, while dimness is coming over all others, and which will be a safe refuge to its children while the storm of God's wrath is blowing

upon and consuming those that have departed from the shelter of her wings."

"Pardon me, this is the very point on which we differ most," Alfred interrupted him by saying. "I claim infallibility for my church; it is the pillar and ground of truth; it is that which Christ has promised to be with to the end of time, and as to leaving it, my friend, I cannot even think it possible that I could do so." Mr. Barrington did not appear surprised. "I thought just in this way once, Alfred, but reading and reflection have brought me with many others to see infallibility only in the Church of Rome. Read some books I shall send you, and investigate the question fully. Remember that the universal church never errs, because it never errs in all its branches,\* and that the church founded by St. Peter is never separate from Jesus Christ,—that the bishop is in the church, and the church in the bishop; so

\* *Tostatus d'Avila.*

that he who is not with the bishop is not in the church : that this chaste spouse of Christ Jesus cannot be corrupted ; that it preserves us for God ; that he who forsakes the church of Christ will never receive the recompence of Christ ; and in fine, that he who has not the church for his mother, cannot have God for his Father.”\*

“ If you can prove to me that the Church of Rome is the *one* true church of Christ, no sacrifice will keep me from entering her communion ; but it is not in a day that such a question can be decided. Do you think that the —— whom you have consulted would take the same pains to try and convince me ? If so, I would wish much to correspond with him.” “ I am certain nothing would please him more ; he is a zealous and devoted man. I shall give you his address, and I trust, my dear friend, that we who have already agreed in many points shall

\* St. Cyprian.

yet together be able to say with Bossuet, 'Holy Romish Church, mother of churches, and mother of all the faithful, church chosen of God to unite his children in the same faith, and in the same charity; *we* will ever seek the preservation of thy unity with the most yearning solicitude.'

Alfred felt the power his old friend had possessed over him this day renewed; he admired the earnestness of his affection, and he half hoped that they might yet be again fully united in opinion.

Mr. Barrington soon left him, and in a short time a letter reached him from Adela, briefly saying that his father was now acquainted with *all*, and not only entreated but demanded a visit from his son. But that Alfred was really sincere in his views, he would have trembled at the idea of seeing his wounded parent; but the sincerity of his purposes supported him, and he commenced the journey without delay, feeling that all that the best of fathers could say would

have no power to shake his deeply-rooted opinions.

As the hour drew near that Mr. Lennox expected his son, his agitation increased so rapidly that he fled to his library, even from the society of his sympathizing daughters, and by many ejaculatory prayers, sought the presence of his Saviour in this trying hour. At length he heard his well-known knock ; the sound of rapid but uneven footsteps reached his ear, and when the lock turned, and the prodigal stood before him, every feeling but that of anguish gave way, and he embraced him, exclaiming, " My dear, dear boy," in a manner so affecting, that Alfred, bursting into tears, sank upon his knees before him, as he cried, " Anything but this ! Curse me as you think you have cause to do, my father, but do not love me still." His father raised him, and pressed him to his heart. " Ah ! my child," he exclaimed, as he looked mournfully in his face, " I see what this has cost you ; you are not

the same. Fly from the danger to which you are exposed. Search and pray, and a God of love will guide you by his Spirit unto the truth." "I am every day seeing more clearly that my opinions are according to reason and revelation." "Reason is but a poor guide, my son, and has led many to infidelity; and as to revelation, without the light of the spirit of the living God being poured upon it, it may be wrested to our destruction. Alfred, in that Revelation, is it not said that in the latter days a strong delusion shall come, and that many shall depart from faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils (*i. e.*, demons, dead men)." "Do you think, Sir, this can relate to me?" "Alfred, I do; do you not honor saints and the Virgin Mary? Do you not kneel before a painted crucifix? Do you not take tradition as a rule of faith? and hold works as a means of salvation?"

Alfred was deeply agitated. "As to honouring saints I certainly think we are bound



to do so; they have been martyrs for the truth; their prayers must be heard in heaven, more, much more, than the prayers of the faithful on earth, that we are commanded to seek; they——” “Alfred, Alfred, let it not be said of you as it was by Julian of those of old, when he said they were *additis ad priscum illum mortuam novis mortuis*.\* My son, there is but one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.” “I do not consider them as mediators between God and me; I but ask the interest of their prayers with the Saviour; I see that almost all the fathers have agreed upon this; one of the most learned of them says: ‘*Quæ quidum in hominum Deo carissimorum obitus egregie conveniunt, quos veræ fuctatis milites jure appellaris. Nemo et coram sepulcra celebrare, et preces ibi votaue nuncupare et beatas illorum animas venerari consuevimus.*’†

\* Adding many new dead men to that ancient dead man, Jesus.

† “These things are befitting upon the decease of the

“Oh! Alfred, do I find you daring to answer the word of the living God with the words of man? Do you forget that this exaltation of the creature was one of the most striking features in Paganism; that those very temples at Rome that were constructed for pagan deities are now dedicated to Christian saints? Awake from this delusion, and do not wound my ears again by bringing the word of a poor fallen mortal to answer the word of him who is God over all, blessed for evermore!”

“Yet, Sir, I have been accustomed to look for their instructions.” “You have been led away, Alfred, by those who were themselves deceived; how can you compare them with the apostles? The apostles, truly taught by God, agreed together in all the doctrines they professed:—the fathers, speaking by

favourites of God, whom you may properly call the champions of the true religion. Whence it is our duty to assemble at their sepulchres, and to make our prayers, and to honour their blessed souls.”—*Eusebius*.

their own wisdom, contradict each other. Thus we find Tertullian\* scoffing at the idolatry that Theodoret encourages. Take the Word of God as your sole standard of right and wrong, or you will be led into endless and fruitless discussions ; study with prayer the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, and then ask yourself, Can you conscientiously bow down to a likeness of any graven image or——”

“ Pardon me, my dear father,” Alfred exclaimed, “ but I must say that you wrong me very much. I do not bow down to them ; I but pray to God through them, feeling my own unworthiness ; I seek the intercession of those that are more worthy.” “ It is as unnecessary as it is sinful,” his father replied ; “ you have an all-prevailing advocate with the Father ; a high-priest that is touched with a feeling for your infirmities ; one who required none to come between Him and the

\* Apol., chap. v.—xiii., 4.

poor guilty ones that sought his favour when on earth, and who is now *unchanged* at the right hand of God ; for he is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

"I cannot realize that, Sir ; his place is now changed. He was then as a servant : I say it with reverence, not only to God, but also to man. He is now highly exalted, and in our approaches unto Him, we should remember not only who He is, but also where He is." "Can change of place make any difference to Him ? Is it a *new* thing to Him to be at the right hand of God ? Was he not from all eternity daily his Father's delight, rejoicing always before Him ? The reverence that He seeks, Alfred, is the confidence of his creatures ; their honouring Him by an undoubted trust in his goodness, his condescension, and his love. Oh ! may you thus honour Him with a child-like spirit, and leaving the traditions of men, sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear his word !"

Mr. Lennox turned away as he concluded

to hide his tears, and Alfred, touched to the heart, exclaimed, "But that the interests of my soul are at stake, I would most willingly seek to be convinced by you, my dearest father; even as it is, I cannot argue with you or with my sisters as I could with others; my feelings always overpower me; even Marion unmans me, and leaves me unable to reply."

"May He in whom I trust raise up one whom you will be able to argue calmly with, and may his Holy Spirit guide you both in the discussion. But you are not happy; I see you are not happy, my child." "How can I be happy while *you* are miserable; while I think your truth error, and you call what I believe to be truth a lie. Oh! my father, I *am* miserable, and only sustained by the hope that we shall all one day seek and find it in the same way."

"Amen, Amen," were the only words that escaped Mr. Lennox's lips as he led his son from the library to seek Adela and Marion;

and in the society of his children the father often found himself forgetting his heavy sorrows.

Day after day found him shut up for hours together with his erring child, endeavouring to shew him the simplicity of that gospel he had forsaken, and to lead him to search more deeply into the errors he had adopted ; but it was in vain : if half convinced or silenced on one point, Alfred flew to another, and the patience and faith of the Christian parent were tried in a furnace heated seven times.

The day came that Alfred should return to his curacy. An hour was once more spent in deep conversation by the father and son : at last Alfred rose to bid him farewell. "I shall promise you, my dear father, to think often over all you have said, but more I cannot ; yet if you could know all it costs me to leave you thus——" "I know it, I know it all ; yet, Alfred, weigh both sides of the question well : it has cost you much, and it may cost you more." And the time came

when Alfred remembered this prediction with an agonized heart.

Adela saw Marion fly from her brother as he was leaving them to hide the suffocation that suppressed feelings had brought on her; she heard her father half audibly exclaim, as he locked himself in his library, "My heart is broken!" and pressing her brother once more to her heart, she cried in a voice of agony that thrilled him as he tore himself away, "Return, return."

The next morning, when Mr. Lennox entered the breakfast parlour, he walked involuntarily to a window that looked on the peaceful churchyard; his eyes fell on the tomb where his beloved wife lay awaiting the summons of Him who is the resurrection and the life. "Happy, happy," he said mentally, "is that sleep of yours, my lost one,—yet not lost, but gone before; you do not know that your first-born is a wanderer from the path of life—from the truth of God."

A female form rose slowly from the tomb,

and walked away in the attitude of one that wept bitterly. He knew it was Adela, and his sighs, deep and heartfelt, told the sympathy he felt.

When she came in, he looked sadly at her as he said, "In tears again, Adela!" "Yes, Sir; but now they are tears of joy." He clasped her to his bosom. "We can now praise the hand that smote us, darling. She was taken from the evil to come." Marion was in the room for one or two moments unperceived. Eight years before had seen her a motherless child, but she could remember her they wept for, and her tears fell so rapidly that she did not notice her father turning round, until she was in her turn enfolded in his arms, while he kissed her falling tears away.

It was a piercingly cold day, but Mr. Lennox was too restless and agitated to stay in the house, and having ordered his horse, he rode out intending to return early. But noon came, and evening followed, and the



sisters waited in anxiety for his return. Towards night, dreadful showers of hail and sleet fell, and they hoped that he would stay with a friend, and merely send a messenger to tell them of it. But none arrived; and the first hours of night had passed away, when a horse galloped up the avenue. Marion flew out; and the sound of Mr. Lennox's voice filled them with joy. When he came in he said, "It was my own fault, my dear. My mind was so uneasy that I did not perceive how far I was from home, until I found myself at the cliffs at —, and spent, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, so happy a time there, that evening began to fall before I thought of returning." Adela looked at him with surprise as he spoke of happiness, but the calm expression of his countenance shewed that the peace that passeth all understanding was filling his heart, and she was assured that he had been able in that solitude to commit the beloved though straying child to the care of his Father and

his God ; and casting his care upon him, peace—perfect peace to his own soul was the blessed result. Having made him take many precautions against cold, the sisters retired to rest, and had not been long asleep when one of the servants aroused them, and told them that Mr. Lennox had just awoke, and was very ill.

The family physician was at once sent for, and for the remainder of the night the sisters watched by his bedside ; and for the two following days the sufferer continued in a very alarming state.

A very severe attack of bronchitis from the exposure of his frame for so many hours to the extreme cold of a day and night early in January, left him weakened considerably, but so much improved from what it first had threatened, that a second letter quickly followed the first sent to Alfred, telling him that strong hopes were now entertained of his father's ultimate recovery. He was preparing to come home again, when this letter

stopped him; and much relieved, he was once more able to give his undivided attention to the duties of the parish.

Mrs. St. Clair had been much struck by Adela's conversation, and felt at the time much alarmed for her daughter; but when Adela was gone, the favourite preacher, whose eloquence dazzled even those whom his arguments failed to convince, was again listened to and trusted in; and Agnes every day deferred her journey, dreading the opposition her favourite tenets would meet from Mr. Lennox and her young friends at ——. But the account of the sudden illness of one whom she highly respected as a truly good man, and the sufferings of Adela, who was still very dear to her, caused her to decide at once on going to her, to share the task of nursing the beloved invalid. Her mother warmly seconded her project; and Alfred, unable to offer any reasonable objection, saw her depart with an undefined feeling of dissatisfaction. When Agnes met the fond em-

brace of Adela, she was delighted by the intelligence that Mr. Lennox was so much better that he would be brought the next day to the drawing-room, to receive visits from some of his parishioners, who on this occasion had testified the kindest regard for him.

His reception of her was as kind as it possibly could be; he felt a great interest in her, and trusted that this opportunity had been providentially given him to endeavour to win her feet into the way of life. He did see the parishioners he expected on the following day; but on being moved from his own room was first made sensible of his great weakness; and as the physician candidly told him that it would be a very long time before he would be able to resume his clerical duties, he on that evening despatched a letter to a clergyman of strictly evangelical principles of his acquaintance, begging of him to procure a curate for him (an Irish one if possible), who would be willing to take

the undivided care of a small country parish for an uncertain period, whom he would remunerate handsomely, accommodate in his own house, &c., &c. An answer was soon returned ; a young clergyman, highly recommended by his late rector, would be glad to have something to do while waiting for a more permanent situation ; and Mr. Lennox was led to expect that he would wait on him in a very short time.

Agnes found the beauty of true religion so agreeably represented to her in the calm and happy scenes that were every day before her, that she sometimes found herself wondering whether they could be wrong in principle when so right in practice. But then came the sad alternative ; if she believed this excellent pastor and his daughter right, then Alfred must be wrong ; and she could not believe that to be the case. His father, although not capable of much exertion, could without injury to himself converse tranquilly with her as he lay on the sofa day after day ;

and, without attacking her opinions, he commenced judiciously by speaking on the enduring peace and happiness possessed by those who seek religion with steadfast hearts (strikingly exemplified in himself) ; and then unfolded by degrees to her enquiring ardent mind the grand doctrines of the Reformed Church. Many of her questions betrayed the opposition of her heart to some of them, and her total ignorance of others ; but without appearing to notice these things, her kind instructor led her on step by step to see the truth in all its simplicity and beauty.

Little did she know how ardent were his prayers for her true conversion : little did she know how dear her soul had become to this saint of God. He loved her as another daughter ; and drawn by the sweetness and feeling she always displayed, he longed (oh ! how ardently) that she may yet prove a blessing to others, and more especially to her faithful, though in many ways erring, lover.

As Adela had now to fulfil a double portion of duty in attending all the sick and poor in the neighbourhood, the entire care of the house fell upon Marion, and Agnes was consequently often for hours together the only attendant on the invalid. Those hours were so well improved by this faithful minister of God, that many of her objections were one by one silenced : and in her case it was very well that the person she argued with was so much older and more experienced than herself ; as his words had not only much greater weight with her, but she was kept from raising many objections that she would not have cared to raise against the opinions of one about her own age.

One evening, as they sat together, the servant brought in a card. Mr. Lennox read aloud, "The Rev. Cecil Audley," and desired him to be admitted ; and immediately a gentleman, of pleasing although not striking appearance, entered. Mr. Lennox received him cordially, and having introduced Agnes

as his young friend, she quickly retired, and soon excited Marion's curiosity by her description of the stranger. "He is not very tall, but has very dark eyes, and very beautiful they are, Adela." Adela smiled, but made no reply. Now that her dear father was so much recovered, Alfred had again become the object that engrossed all her thoughts; and from his letters she had much reason to fear that he was every day going farther and farther into the maze of error.

He had acknowledged to her having commenced a correspondence on the great question of church infallibility with one of the most eminent of the Romish clergy—the very person who had convinced Mr. Barrington, and would doubtless bring one who wavered so much already as Alfred did to his own side of the question. She feared much from the continual languor her dear parent laboured constantly under, and her spirits, although she was scarcely three and twenty, having lost the elasticity of youth, she did



not revive as quickly as Marion, but still appeared anxious and depressed : at times, indeed, faith would rise victorious over every doubt and fear, but more generally, for some wise reason, her heavenly Father suffered her at this time to feel more deeply than she ever had done before that her strength was but *utter weakness*.

Alfred anxious to ascertain whether Mr. Barrington had been regarded by Adela as anything more than a friend, had taken an early opportunity, during his late visit, of questioning her on the subject. Having spoken of him for a few moments, he suddenly said, "Mr. Barrington loves you, Adela, are you aware of it?" The deep blushes that suffused her cheeks led him to hope that it was as he wished, and that Adela was not insensible to his friend's regard, but recovering herself she replied, "When I was very young—between fifteen and sixteen,—I had some cause to think so." "And were you quite insensible to it, Adela? He is a wor-

thy man, my dearest friend, and still more, he has loved you through years of hopelessness; he loves you still, Adela, to a degree that is causing the unhappiness of his life, coming between him and his soul's peace."

"I am sorry—sorry indeed—to hear that; but, Alfred, I cannot return it now, I"—

"Have you ever done so?" "At the time I speak of, I was very young, Alfred, he was the first that had regarded me with attention; I felt grateful for it. I believe I loved him then." "Adela, my sister! he shall still be yours." She shook her head mournfully, and tears filled her eyes, as she replied, "If he had not irrecoverably separated himself from me by his false opinions and late secession, it might possibly be, yet scarcely. If I was able to conquer that feeling at so early an age, when I believed him all that was good and amiable, it is not likely that I could now renew it." "What led you to conquer it?" "A sense of duty to the best and kindest of fathers. I knew that he would

not approve of it, and I strove against it, and succeeded." "Oh, Adela! that I had your strength of mind!" was all the brother could say, as, completely silenced, he looked on her with increased admiration.

When the sisters were introduced to the new curate, both were struck by the entire absence of affectation in his manners, and the simplicity that marked his dress,—so different from many who give themselves the appearance of regarding their persons with more than proper attention. Adela remarked the sweet and subdued expression of his countenance, and thought by the sadness that betrayed itself at times that sorrow was no stranger to his bosom.

Adela had now more time to devote to her father; and with Agnes she shared the easy task of attending on one of his contented and thankful spirit, and often felt her own mind strengthened by the deep religious experience those conversations drew out. He was much pleased with his curate, and saw

in a short time that he was a truly converted person. Mr. Audley was delighted with him in his turn, and hoped to profit by his stay under the roof of so devoted a Christian. Of the piety of the young people he felt he could as yet say little. He thought Miss St. Clair a very interesting person, and Miss Marion Lennox a very attractive and affectionate being, but, as he afterwards confessed, he considered Miss Lennox—much as every one respected her—the least interesting of the party. He admired her figure and appearance altogether, but he did not know the secret cause of the tear-dimmed eye, and early faded cheek, he did not know that she who was once joyous as the pretty Marion, had her abstraction caused by the departure of an only and darling brother from the path of righteousness, and judging by appearances he often wondered why she was, to all and each, the best beloved.

One day, on entering the drawing room, he found her weeping ; a letter lay near her,

apparently the cause of her agitation. He was withdrawing at first; but considering that he might be of some service, he advanced, and timidly enquired whether he could do anything for her. The look of sympathy at once broke down the barriers of Adela's long maintained reserve, and she poured out to him a tale of sorrow that he had not the least idea of. The letter was from Alfred. He wrote from London, where he was diligently attending the ministry of the Rev. Mr. B——, the chief supporter of Puseyism there. "Every day," he added, "I am more and more assured that I am right in the opinions I maintain. My only doubt is whether I am safe in remaining in a church where the great majority are against me in the hope of bringing many to my own views, or whether it is safer for me to fly to the bosom of a church that claims—certainly on many good and undeniable grounds—infallibility for herself alone." "This is the brother, Mr. Audley, that I have loved since

my earliest infancy; who is dearer to me than life or hope; the son of such a father, blessed with the best precept and example from childhood, the cause now of that parent's illness—perhaps of his death, and of the misery of all he loves." Her auditor listened with the most unfeigned compassion. He saw in those few moments much of the beauty of Adela's character; and speaking sympathizingly of this fiery trial, he endeavoured to lead her to hope that this child of many prayers would yet be restored to the fold of safety. Adela felt relieved; and encouraged by the assurance that his prayers would be given in this touching case; and she wrote to her brother a letter containing some of Mr. Audley's sentiments, who sat by her, her agitation was so great, to help her to speak strongly of the evils with which the country was becoming overspread.

Alas, poor England! Long blessed with the unclouded light of truth, how hast thou not fallen from thy pristine splendour since

the Word of God has ceased to be thy guide : how many ships have left thy shores, bearing the glorious gospel to distant lands, while error has been preying upon thy vitals, and time serving policy has brought upon thee the just judgments of God. Beware, beware, lest the candlestick be utterly removed ; return unto the Lord, and thou shalt be built up, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity !

As Agnes sat alone with Mr. Lennox one evening, in reply to some hopeful remark from her about his health, he told her that he never expected its restoration. "From the first moment I was taken ill," he added, "I felt that it would be my last illness. I may linger a little longer, but never shall I resume my duties or be restored to health." "I trust it is only nervousness that brings those thoughts to your mind, dear Sir ; but should it be as you say, how happy it will be for you to look back on a life well spent—a life devoted to the glory of God." "Agnes, Agnes !" the invalid replied, "do I hear you

speak thus, notwithstanding all you now know of the Bible, and of the plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer? I can look back on a life that ought to have been entirely given to God, as I was but fourteen when his grace first touched my heart, and what do I see but a long and fearful array of shortcomings and backsliding, of secret and open sins? Yes, but that I can trace through all that time a faint desire to do his will, and a struggle to glorify his name, I would be led by the knowledge of my sins to fear that his spirit has never yet wrought its good work within me, and that having not the spirit of Christ, I am none of his (Ro. viii., 9). When I look upon the past I can only exclaim, 'Behold, I am vile; I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'" Job xlii., 6. "You speak too harshly of yourself; you forget your many works of mercy, your charities, your zeal. Ought not these to support you in the prospect of seeing him whom you have served?" "I renounce them



utterly: they would make but a sandy foundation, swept away by one glance from that soul-searching eye. Sin has been ever present with me, my child. How often I have cried out with the apostle, 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!' (Ro. vii., 24.) But that I knew in whom I had believed I would long since have been driven to despair; but I know that the perfect Jesus is made unto me a sinner, wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption, and knowing all this, Agnes, I can say,—

“ Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace,  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!”

“But, Agnes, I thought that you could see this doctrine more clearly. How do you still imagine that any work of man can commend him, when a short time ago you saw that all our righteousness can appear

but as filthy rags in the sight of God?" "I did see it, and I do still; but at times the old ideas return and confuse me. I fear it is because I have but a slight head knowledge and no feeling in my heart about it." "My dear, God can not only open your understanding to understand the Scriptures, but He can also write his law upon your heart (Jer. xxxi. 33). Prayer, diligent prayer, will bring down the precious dew of his Spirit to your waiting soul" (Lu. xi. 9—13). "Pardon me, Sir, there is one question I wish to ask you; but I am afraid you will think me wrong in doing so." "Ask me as many questions as you please; speak as freely as possible to me." "I cannot understand how, while you feel your unworthiness so deeply, you can at the same moment speak so confidently of your salvation?" "I am not surprised at that enquiry, my dear; but this confidence going with the deepest humility is no new thing. Do you remember what St. Paul calls himself?" "The chief of

sinner.” “Was he not an humble-minded man?” “No one could be more so.” “Yet, Agnes, what do we find this self-accused, self-convicted sinner say? Does he not say, ‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.’ And still more he says, ‘I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge will give me in that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.’ (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.) This is the same man who so beautifully declares, ‘By the grace of God I am what I am;’ and ‘by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves (not even that); it is the gift of God.’” “I think I understand him now; the Judge will be righteous in giving him the crown for the merits of another in whom he has, notwithstanding his own great attainments, been led by

the teaching of the Holy Spirit to place his sole trust for salvation; and lest any weak or trembling believer should be discouraged, he immediately adds, 'And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' " "Exactly. Oh, may you be amongst the happy number of those who love his appearing, not only for the bliss and joy it will bring to you, but still more for the happiness of gazing on him for ever, whom, having not seen, you loved, and in whom you will be able to rejoice while here with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 1 Pet. i., 8.

After this conversation, Mr. Lennox saw with delight, that Agnes appeared more anxious and yet more humble in receiving instruction: the proud heart was coming down, and the caviller was acquiring the meekness of a child; the words, "Except ye be converted, and become *as little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," (Matt. xxviii., 3,) were ever recurring to her mind, and in secret she sought his

face who never said unto the children of men,  
Seek ye my face in vain.

One day, as she walked with the sisters, she candidly confessed to Adela, that all she now saw so plainly as *the* truth had often startled her when she had heard it from Adela's lips. "But," she added, "I never wished to own that I thought you right; I am certain that it was my own pride and obstinacy that kept me from receiving it long since." "You forget, Agnes, that all our hearts are opposed by nature to doctrines that level man to the very dust; the carnal mind, which is enmity against God (Rom. viii. 6), not daring to rebel openly against Him, shews itself by rising against the way which He has provided for our redemption; and the sinner cries out, Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the rivers of Israel? until, when suffered to feel his need more and more deeply, he is at last brought as an humble penitent to that fountain that is ever open, that he may wash, and be clean"

(2 Kings v. 12, 13).” “Oh! that it was so with me; but I feel that I cannot be made clean. I never knew how very wicked I was before. Adela and Marion, do not forget to pray that I may be made a child of God by faith in that precious Saviour.” “We have never forgotten to do so, dearest Agnes; *remember* that the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy (Psalm xxxiii. 18). They were now interrupted by the approach of Mr. Audley, who accompanied them home.

The evenings were spent agreeably in general conversation, as the family sat together, on subjects then attracting the attention of the most indifferent professors of religion. The Gorham question, with respect to baptismal regeneration, was now in agitation, and it was delightful to hear the old veteran, before his Christian warfare had entirely closed, encouraging, by his heavenly conversation, the young soldier of Christ, who had but just buckled on his armour for the con-

flict. Agnes, whose taste for controversy was very great, found those evenings the most agreeable she had ever passed, and her many questions drew replies that volumes might be filled with. Mr. Lennox and Audley perfectly agreed in their opinions, but in none more than in this question on regeneration at baptism ; and to the enquiry of Agnes, the former replied, " It is possible that regeneration has in some cases accompanied the outward rite of baptism, which the Bishop of Exeter maintains takes place invariably, but as Mr. Gorham argues in the great majority of cases it decidedly does not, as we may witness constantly in the youngest children around us, whose propensities to evil are too apparent to be mistaken. It remains therefore for those who have been admitted to union with the visible church of God, to seek themselves for the inward and spiritual grace, which many must perceive, by the course of their own lives and conversations, they have not yet received."

“Surely, papa,” Adela remarked, “there is no doubt that little infants are saved. Surely a God of love who said when on earth, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me,’ changes their hearts by his Holy Spirit, and brings them to heaven by that atonement He has made for them?” “Doubtless, my love, yet, although I am not a high churchman, I still think it the bounden duty of Christian parents to bring their infants to baptism, not trusting in the mere rite itself as too many do, but in earnest prayer to God, seeking for the true circumcision, that of the spirit and not of the letter, for each little one for whom Christ has died.” “You think that without baptism, if the parents should be neglectful, or any other cause should prevent it, the infant would be saved.” “Certainly, Agnes, as Adela has remarked, a God of love would not punish the innocent babe for parents’ omission. He can work without means, and can send the inward grace by his own mighty power without the instrumentality of man.”



"The idea that Roman Catholics have, that infants dying without baptism continue in a place of darkness, must be a mistaken one," Marion observed. "That religion, Miss Marion, lays too much stress upon outward rites and ceremonies," Audley answered; "it consists too much of externals, and lays a power far beyond what it ought in the hands of the priests." "How different from the spirit St. Paul shewed when he said, 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.'" "Yes, Miss Lennox, such will be the confession of every true believer in the gospel of the grace of God, while they find every day more and more, with respect to the conversion of sinners, that it is not by might nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord of Hosts." "If Alfred knew all this, if he believed it," Agnes thought, as she looked on this happy party, one in heart and mind, and the half-smothered sigh that escaped her revealed to Adela the cause of

that deep shade that had fallen in an instant on her brow.

Strange to say, every one of the young people felt Alfred's absence and mistaken views at this time more than his fond parent. Since the day he had spent on the cliffs, he had felt a hope unknown before springing up, which supported him wonderfully through those months of suffering and weakness. Adela would not disturb the happy calm by acquainting him with the cause of her increased fears, and in communion with his God, this ripening saint found balm for every wound. Adela and Marion shared each other's sorrows, and wept together through those gloomy days; and by degrees Adela's faith was strengthened as she remembered that *all* things are possible with God.

At length Mr. Lennox broke the silence he had so long maintained to Agnes with respect to Alfred. He alluded in the most delicate manner to her engagement with him; and, not appearing to notice her confusion, spoke much and freely of his dear

son's mistaken opinions. He then spoke of the influence Agnes might possess to bring him back to the path of safety. A flush of joy at the idea illumined her face, but as quickly died away as she remembered its improbability. "I know the influence your sex possesses too well, Agnes, to doubt but that in time it may be blessed to my poor boy. Add another to the number of those who have used that influence as a talent given them by God, to lead those who are more exposed to the temptations of the world aright. It will cost you a present sacrifice, but the end, with the blessing of God, will amply repay you." Agnes turned pale at the word "sacrifice;" she trembled, but was unable to ask an explanation. "My dear child," he continued, "could you be happy if united to Alfred, while his opinions are so widely different from yours? Would it be safe for you, who are but a babe in Christ, to be placed in a furnace of trial from the temptations it would bring upon you?

Would you be able to resist the influence; or, most likely, would you not too soon forget the impressions you had received here, and yield with a wounded conscience to what your better judgment told you was evil? And supposing you could safely enter into temptation, would you be justified in acting contrary to the commandment of God, if, while you believe Alfred not under the teaching of his Spirit, you united yourself to him, forgetting that God has said, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers?' (2 Cor. vi. 14.)" "I understand all you would say; but, dear Sir, I cannot now decide. Give me a little time; it is hard." "Yes, Agnes, it is hard; but Jesus can strengthen and support you. Go to Him, my child, and He shall direct you aright." Agnes rose and left the room; she felt as if her heart was breaking; and, overpowered by the inward struggle, she sank upon a couch, and remained there unable even to think for many minutes. When she

could collect her thoughts, she found a refuge at the mercy-seat, as she cried unto the Lord in her distress, and found him a very present help in trouble. She felt, as woman alone can feel, the agony of such a struggle,—the bitterness of wounding the faithful heart of one who had loved her for years,—the cruel light in which her conduct would appear to him,—the surprise, the shock, that would rend his heart from her, perhaps for ever,—and the shade it would cast upon her own through life. She opened on the passage Mr. Lennox alluded to; she sighed at the sad necessity it involved her in; and turning over the leaves abstractedly, she saw the words, “There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God’s sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.” (Luke xviii. 29, 30.) “Even in this,” she mentally exclaimed, feeling the struggle that rent her very soul, “the re-

ward must be of grace and not of debt." Hours had passed by unheeded, when the door gently opened and Adela appeared. To tell her the cause of her agony was a relief to Agnes, as she knew her sympathizing heart, and could depend on her judgment for advice. While Adela soothed her agitated feelings, she still shewed her the necessity of firmness and self-denial in Alfred's case. "His affections are strong; he will not soon forget you: and if he is not governed by them, he will not in any other way." "Is it not a bad way to commence by rousing his anger—by exciting, perhaps, his dislike? If I do not break my engagement, I may yet win him much more effectually." "Alas! you forget that it is on the path of obedience alone the blessing can be expected to fall. If you persist in keeping the engagement, dearest Agnes, you act directly contrary to the commands of God. What blessing can you expect if you do so? And yet without his blessing everything must

fail. How much more the turning of the sinner from darkness unto light." More, much more, Adela said, which Agnes could not but see the truth of; and at last, when many days of anguish had passed, Mr. Lennox felt her slipping a little paper into his hand one day, as she hastily left the room; and opening it with much anxiety, he read as follows,—“Grace has been given me to count all things but loss that I may win Christ.” Here was an answer to many prayers, and the fond parent trusted that Alfred would yet be restored to this suffering girl, purified by his trials, and acknowledging the power of that grace that shines in the face of Jesus Christ, and is sweetly reflected on each believing child. Had not Agnes at this time known the value—the tenfold value—of her never-dying soul, such a sacrifice could not have been made by her; but the Spirit of the living God had been some time at work, and having begun to love Him, He had brought her love to the test,

and by his grace brought her through a conqueror.

Spring was past ; early summer was shedding flowers and beauty around ; but no decided change for the better had manifested itself in the invalid. He was still able to converse with his friends and family cheerfully and to their profit ; but a slight cough had never left him, and as the warm weather approached, his debility increased. Agnes had become now doubly dear to him, and the warm approval of friends she esteemed so much, cheered her in the path of duty. Her parents were now becoming impatient for her return, but her entreaties were so urgent, that they consented to an extension of her visit. She shrank from meeting Alfred,—from witnessing his disappointment and sufferings ; and every allusion to her in his letters to Adela pierced her heart.

About the middle of July a most unexpected change for the worse took place in Mr. Lennox, which found him calm and un-



concerned, except for the sufferings of those around him. Having desired his physician to give him his candid opinion, he learned that he could not live many days. Agnes looked anxiously at him, when she heard these words, but to her surprise saw his countenance lighted up with joy, and his hands clasped together in the attitude of thanksgiving. Soon after, when his children, with Agnes and Mr. Audley, were gathered around his bed, he said to the former, "I have had a long and secret struggle during all my illness between two desires. I was in a strait between two, desiring to abide in the flesh, which was the most needful for you; and yet longing, *longing*, my children, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Pray, dear Cecil, that they may be able to resign me to Him who has redeemed me unto God by his blood, and purchased for *me* a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Audley knelt with the weeping family, and even *his* voice trembled when he

spoke of losing him who had become very dear as a friend and elder brother in the family of God. But Marion's sobs disturbed the quietness of the scene, and she had to fly from the room, when making a slight allusion to the one absent member of the family, he prayed (oh! how fervently) that they may all meet in heaven!

Audley relieved Adela from a dreaded task, by conveying the sad intelligence of his Father's approaching death to Alfred; and the gloom cast over the whole household by the severe illness of this beloved father and master, was only forgotten when the members entered his room, and witnessed in his placid and often joyful countenance the full triumph of faith and of full assurance even unto the end.

Agnes had the privilege of looking on this scene of holy joy and tranquillity. She, for the first time, witnessed the approach of the King of Terrors; and it was her happiness to see it first in a case where death had lost its

sting, and the grave its victory (1 Cor. xv., 55).

And those were days never to be forgotten by the sorrowing group that hung upon the words of this beloved object, and clung to him, watching his every look with a tenacity ever felt where the fond one fears each word and look may be the last.

No answer came from Alfred, and he did not arrive, as they had fully expected, in two or three days. The dying father had made it one of his last earthly requests, that he might see him once more before he left the trials and sorrows of earth behind, but finding he did not come, he appeared satisfied that some accidental delay must have occurred about the letter, and trusting him once more to his heavenly Father, he tried not to disturb his mind with earthly thoughts again, but to meditate upon that love that had opened to him the door of mercy, and brought him nigh to God. Sweet and blessed were his reflections as he lay there, pale and ema-

ciated. When not able to speak much from excessive weakness, his blissful smiles would now and again reveal to them how happily he was realizing by faith things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard—joys that were at the right hand of God, laid up for those that loved him. Never had Audley witnessed such perfectly unclouded peace, and Agnes who had often doubted the reality of the assurance she had heard spoken of as the true believer's privilege, looked on him with astonishment, and prayed that her last end might be as his.

The dying man spoke more particularly to Adela when alone with her. He told her that he could fully trust his son as well as his daughters to his covenant keeping God. "Fear not, my darling child, that God is *your* Father, and He never will forsake those that put their trust in him. Alfred shall yet be brought back to the faith that he has forsaken. Grieve not for me. I go to my Saviour and my God, to see him face to face,

to behold his glory and to serve him perfectly for ever." The sisters felt themselves utterly bereaved : their father leaving them, perhaps, in a few hours, and their brother they knew not where—alas ! in the most important of all things, no longer a brother to them. Yet they had rich consolation, and in hanging over that bed of death Marion drank in deep lessons of wisdom, the fruit of which promised to appear in her after life.

It was midnight. A low but agitated knocking was heard at the front door, and the servant, in reply to the breathless interrogatory, had scarcely time to reply, " He is just dying," when the inquirer flew past him, and ascending the stairs entered noiselessly the chamber of death. The father lay perfectly still, half supported by Marion, while Adela knelt beside him, repeating at intervals some blessed word of promise, to which the dying man assented by a calm and holy smile. Two other persons were present. As Alfred approached the bed, his glance fell on

Agnes who stood weeping at a little distance ; a look of unutterable anguish shot from her eyes, and again she covered her face, and her whole frame shook with agony. The other person made way as Alfred approached ; who bent down and kissed his father in silent agony, who by a feeble pressure of his hand and beam of joy from his countenance, welcomed his son to this last interview. Adela's voice trembled still more as a look from her father told her to repeat more of the all sufficient promises of God, and she said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "No evil, no evil," repeated her father, "I fear none ; Christ is with me, there is no shadow ; all is light in him."

Again a solemn silence followed : his lips moved as in prayer, but soon and his eyes fell on Alfred, who had knelt opposite to Adela. The first look was one of love—undying love ; but in a moment the expression

changed, as he perceived a small crucifix in Alfred's hands, and agony for the first time was painted on his countenance. With a wonderful effort he raised himself, and exclaimed before any one knew the cause of his emotion, "Take it away, Alfred, take it away! put not your trust in graven images; make no likeness of your God!" Alfred rose instinctively, and moved backwards from his view. At a sign from her father, Adela called him nearer; but now the dying man's voice was faint and low. "Come, my son, for my last blessing. Christ himself is with me; He is here," looking around him, "and here," placing his hand upon his heart. He paused again, and then said, "God bless my child, and lead him right." Soon after, he said, "Cecil." Audley approached and bent over him, while he whispered him. Adela overheard the words, "Alfred"—"my last charge," and Cecil warmly pressed his hand in reply. Again all was still; the silence was only disturbed by the deep breathing of this

departing saint. His lips murmured a blessing on his children: they all bent nearer to catch his last words: his eyes were raised to heaven as he said, "Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" A long sigh followed, and all was over.

The conflicting feelings of the unhappy son burst forth as he threw himself on the beloved remains in the wildest despair. The words, "It has cost me *more*, my father," escaped him, as regardless of the presence of those around, he lamented the share he had in his father's sufferings and death. The sisters, forgetting their own anguish, sought to soothe him—but in vain; and at last, Cecil, seeing him exhausted by the violence of his feelings, forced him from the room; and endeavoured with all the kindness of a brother to calm his agony.

"If I had but known it sooner,—but the letter was sent after me as I was not at home, and by mistake was sent to another office: if I had but seen him before,—he must have



thought I neglected him in his dying hours, he"— "Not so," Audley replied, "he said that this very thing had occurred. He loved you with the warmest affection; and still more, since the commencement of his illness you never caused him an hour's uneasiness."

"How could that be? He considered me an apostate, a wanderer from the faith, a"— "Because he was able to commit you to his Saviour and his God," Audley interrupted him again to say.

"My dear, dear father! Oh, Mr. Audley, I am the most unhappy, the most wretched of beings. What can comfort me?" "He who healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. Rest now, and trust in him who does not willingly afflict the children of men." But rest was far from him he spoke to. He paced the room with agitated steps during the night, and in the morning Adela found him hopeless and miserable.

Finding that it did not at least excite him

more, they now sat and wept with him : but alas ! he had not their abundant consolations : he almost envied them the peaceful recollections they possessed ; and longed, yet feared to ask for the particulars of his lost parent's illness.

The kind sympathy Cecil shewed in his sufferings drew him much to him : he felt that he was his father's friend, and one who had in a great measure supplied the place he ought to have filled during the past months.

Alfred stood as chief mourner, while his beloved father was laid by weeping friends by his ever-lamented Adela ; and the deep regret manifested by every one around served only to heighten Alfred's agony, as he remembered that he had caused grief to such a parent, and had shut himself out for many months from that communion he would otherwise have enjoyed with him. He returned to his sisters, and poured out to them the burden of his vain regrets, and as they tried, even in this melancholy hour, to sorrow not

as those who have no hope, they endeavored to forget their own sad bereavement, while they sought to soothe his poignant anguish.

The funeral sermon was preached by Cecil, and Alfred, just before it had commenced, entered the church, and stood quietly but sadly leaning over the back of one of the seats; many made way for him to sit near them, but he declined each offer, and covering his face, waited mournfully to hear it. The text was, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." (Gal. i. 8.) In the first part of the sermon he described what the true Gospel is, glad tidings of great joy, full and free redemption for the vilest, having grace for its origin and salvation for its end; bringing safety to the lost, hope to the guilty, and peace to the convinced; liberty to the captive, sight to the blind, and joy to the mourning: arising with healing power upon the wounded spirit, and sending its rich con-

solations to the contrite heart ; meeting man *as he is* in his sins and defilement, and encouraging him to come and seek its blessings without money and without price, as soon as he cries from the depth of his heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He next proved that this Gospel was not for those who thought anything of themselves ; not for the righteous in their own esteem ; not for those who would tarry to be better ; not for those who desired to bring their good acts, their penances, their prayers, or their tears ; those like the Pharisee, would go back to their own house rejected, while those who cried for mercy like the Publican should be justified if they looked to Jesus, to *his* atonement, to *his* righteousness, to *his* perfection, as the ground of their acceptance with God.

He then spoke of the time this epistle was written, when the Galatians had been moved away from the purity of the Gospel of the grace of Christ to another gospel, a legal spirit had crept in ; they left the liberty

wherewith Christ had made them free, and became entangled again with the yoke of bondage; forsaking the doctrines of free grace, they turned again to the circumcision, forgetting that the true circumcision is that which leads the believer to worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and to *have no confidence* in the flesh. He next spoke on that justification by faith that St. Paul proved so clearly in the third chapter of Galatians, and shewed from many passages of Scripture that it is by faith alone the soul can be justified in the sight of God. And then said, "If at so early a period a corrupt gospel had been preached, how little wonder it ought to be that, in those latter days, a specious gospel, suited to the desires of the natural heart, should draw many aside from the way of righteousness: a gospel that, while it ostensibly holds Jesus as the only name given under heaven, by which men can be saved (Acts iv. 12), has introduced from the opposing church long discarded errors, and

endeavoured to reconcile one with the other. Some had already seen the vanity of that attempt, and had openly joined that church in whose opinions they had for a long time secretly concurred, but the greater number still remained, vainly supposing that they could with safety stand on the very edge of a precipice, while their eyes are obstinately shut to the danger, without at one time or other *falling over the weak barrier* the name of Puseyite formed, to the full and open confession of a religion already become dearer to them than the truth of God."

Next came the affecting part of the discourse; he alluded to him whose useful life had been spent amongst them, not only preaching the true gospel with his lips, but also acting it out in his life and conversation: he who had been a living epistle, known and read of all men, whose private fortune had been expended on his extensive charities; whose devotion as a minister had been unparalleled; whose character as a husband and

a father approached as closely to perfection as any mortal could attain to ; who had the tears of the poor, and the deep regret of the rich over his grave ; and who had, notwithstanding all, so deep a view of his own sinfulness, that at the close of his devoted life, he cried out, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes !" Yet if any one present could have confidence in the flesh, we may say with St. Paul, he might much more ; if any one could stand up and say, "I thank thee that I am not as other men are," surely this holy minister of God might have done so. And yet how did he approach the judgment seat?—abhorring the filthy rags *of his own righteousness*, and rejoicing in the white robe of Jesu's righteousness that the hand of faith had wrapped around him, and giving *all* the glory to his God !

The sensation became so great in the congregation, that the long pent-up feelings of Cecil had now to vent themselves, and leaning his face on the cushion he wept with

them many minutes. Then endeavouring to command his feelings, he spoke of the danger they were now in of getting a minister who might not know the truth; who might endeavour to lead them from the simplicity that is in Christ. "But should this be the case, beloved brethren," he added, "let your minister, being dead, yet speak to you and say, Though he or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

It was now quickly concluded, and Alfred retired as quietly as possible, and mused for many hours, in the now solitary grounds, on all that he had heard. He had not seen Agnes: since that night of sorrow she had kept her own room, and he had not wondered that she had suffered from witnessing a scene so agonizing, and to her so new. But when week after week had passed, he asked Adela about her, who had to break to him, as gently as possible, her change of mind with



respect to religion, and consequently to him. His cup now appeared full. Scarcely able to comprehend her, he asked over and over again for an explanation; and at length, when all was fully told him, with a look of woe that made Adela tremble for the share she had in bringing her friend to this resolution, he asked for an interview with Agnes. Adela most reluctantly conveyed this message; and Agnes, trusting in that strength that she knew would be sufficient for her, went to him without delay.

He started when she approached, and saw that she was not the same Agnes whom he had seen in her own home a few months before. Utter agony had robbed her features of their beautiful placid expression; her eyes were dim, and her form so wasted that he began to tremble for her life. All his anger vanished in an instant, as he gasped, "You are ill, Agnes!" "I am better now, Alfred, and shall soon be—" her agitation stopped her; but resuming the conversation immediately,

she said, "Alfred, we *must* part. Infinite Mercy has opened my heart to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, from the lips of one now enjoying all he so sweetly spoke of while here. Grace has turned my wandering feet into the way of peace; and having found such mercy—full and free, Alfred, for us all—I must not be so ungrateful as to unite myself to one, who—oh! Alfred, must I say it?—has adopted error as his guide, and forsaken the faith of his fathers. Listen to me patiently: it may be the last time I shall thus trouble you. It has been proved to me, by the most undoubted evidence from the Word of God, that my former views were contrary to his will. Alfred, you have gone further. Search, search the Scriptures, that by them you may find eternal life." "Do not think, Agnes," he replied mournfully, "that thus losing you can shake my opinions, or lead me to sacrifice my principles to be restored to your favour. No; fondly as I love you, I cannot do that, and you would

despise me if I did." "Perhaps I would, if I could, now that I know myself, despise any one. But, Alfred, supposing that you were capable of acting so, Agnes St. Clair would be as far from you as ever. Nothing but true conviction—still more, the certainty of your heart's conversion—can ever induce me to renew the engagement broken this day. Farewell, Alfred; I shall remember you in prayer." Alfred held her fondly,—

"And pressed her hand—that lingering press,  
Of hands that for the last time sever;  
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,  
When that hold breaks—is dead for ever!"

After a moment of silent anguish, he asked, "Are we to be strangers to each other?" "Friends; but no more!" Her voice failed; she felt herself sinking, and flew from him with a breaking heart. A jealous pang oppressed him for an instant: he thought of Audley, and imagined that Agnes might have become unfaithful; but he chased it away the next as an unworthy suspicion, and

remembered that truth was stamped upon her countenance this day as legibly as agony must have been visible on his.

In a few days after the arrival of his aunt, who came from Bath to spend some time with her afflicted nieces, Alfred returned to his curacy, having seen Agnes several times when all the family were assembled, and ever seeing her the same—pale and sad, but firm to her resolution.

Audley was requested to continue until a minister should be appointed; and, as the residence now became Alfred's, his appointment to it would have served his sisters materially. But far from desiring it, they trembled at the idea; and Audley, having been some time after offered it, refused, feeling it a delicate point to interfere with the son of the late incumbent. Agnes informed her parents of the particulars of her little history since they had parted with her, and, ever indulgent, they determined not to interfere with her decision, and in

pity to her sufferings allowed her to remain absent.

The summer and autumn passed away ; secessions from the Church of England were becoming every day more numerous ; but sanctified affliction was binding the members of this household still more firmly to the Rock of Ages. About this time, to the astonishment of all, Audley resigned his curacy ; and, taking an affectionate leave of his friends, left them, without appearing to have got any other situation. Agnes had, a short time before Audley left, returned to her family, as Alfred was again in London, eagerly seeking for something to satisfy his ardent desire for truth. The delicacy so observable in the appearance of Agnes, caused her attached parents much uneasiness ; and one day, when her mother had planned an excursion of pleasure for her, she was surprised by her daughter's answer,—“ Ah ! dear mamma, your child has received grace to give up most willingly the fleeting plea-

tures of this world, for the enduring joys to be found at the right hand of God." After some fruitless opposition, her parents were obliged to yield ; and while they regretted, in this respect, the change that had taken place in Agnes, they were led after some time to admire the firm adherence to what she believed to be right, that now shewed itself in all her actions.

Adela, now that Audley was gone, found, to her great dismay, that the more than brotherly kindness she had received from him in her time of sorrow, had won upon her heart ; and, treasuring the secret in its deepest recesses, except from Marion, who knew her every thought, she endeavoured to forget what might prove to her the source of much unhappiness.

It was evening ; a dense fog had spread itself over the city ; and Alfred sat musing sadly by his lonely fireside on the past and present. Both were gloomy ; and the future appeared in its darkest colours before him.

He looked back on the past year. He had lost the confidence of his family : a beloved father, and one whom he never could forget, were lost to him for ever ! A slight tap at the door interrupted his sad thoughts, and in a moment Audley stood before him. He feared that something had happened at home, but his friend soon assured him to the contrary ; and in his cheerful conversation Alfred felt the hitherto insupportably long evening fly rapidly away. In answer to his enquiries, Audley replied that he had come to London to fulfil a sacred trust ; that he had resigned his curacy, and believed that a clergyman had taken charge of it until it would be ascertained whether Alfred meant to reject it finally. "I do most fully : I never can accept it. My dear friend, how could I ascend my lamented father's pulpit, and preach another doctrine than he preached to his beloved flock ! Oh, no ! I shall in a distant county bring my doctrines where they are no strangers, and where if I did

not preach them another would. Refuse your appointment to that living no longer. I shall write immediately to resign it." "Stay, dear Alfred, I can accept no living at present. My stay in London is most uncertain, and can only be determined by Him who has the hearts of all in his rule and governance." "Can I in any way assist you?" "Yes! by praying that I may be successful, and that my promise to a dear and deeply-lamented friend may, with the blessing of God, be amply fulfilled." "You shall have them most freely, dear Cecil; but I want you to pray for me also." And Alfred moved nearer to him as he said, "I have been seeking for truth a long time. I have forfeited all my earthly happiness in the pursuit: you know what I have lost by it." Audley sighed in heartfelt sympathy. "But I must own that I am not yet satisfied; I am rather becoming more restless and disturbed every day. I attend the preaching of those who are considered the very best in



this town. I am not satisfied with the Rev. Mr. B —, nor with —; and I know not where to turn next.” “You are but looking at one side of the question, Alfred; this is not a fair way of deciding. Look at both fully and fairly, and seek the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which can enlighten the darkest heart, to guide you in the choice.”

Alfred paused a few moments. “I believe you are right; I have been dealing alone with those whose opinions were either strictly Puseyite or with those who leant to Rome.” “Dear Alfred, all Puseyites *lean to Rome*,—still more, *it is but a stepping stone* from one church to another; and as the ascent is more difficult than the descent, every Puseyite is gone more than half way to Rome already.”

“If you could persuade me of this, although I must allow I have seen it in the conduct of many,—poor Mr. Barrington, for instance.” “Where is he now?” “In Italy. He left England two months ago: I have received a melancholy letter from him, poor fellow!”

He paused, and then added, "You will not take advantage of me if I tell you this. Barington left this country fully assured that he would see the religion he had embraced in all its glory at Rome: his letter shews how sadly his anticipations were disappointed. He says, 'Infidelity has spread itself over the face of the country: the Pope is hated so strongly, that it is only by the French bayonets he keeps the mere nominal power he possesses; as to temporal power, he has none; and far from finding this religion to be what I fondly expected *at home*, it is every day palling upon my taste, and leading me to long for a religion whose simplicity would be its chief beauty. Pray for me, dear Alfred, that I may not be led to take the solemn irrecoverable step that I intended until better assured that it will fully satisfy my heart's desires.' The experience of this dear friend has been a warning to me when tempted to follow in his footsteps; and there is one with whom I have had a long corres-

pondence on the subject of the infallibility of the Church of Rome. I will shew you all this correspondence, Cecil; and shall most willingly converse with you on the subject, but I shrink just now from meeting strangers. I feel more deeply involved in doubt and difficulty than I have ever been before. You will see by this correspondence that I still maintain the infallibility of our church, and that of each of her ministers."

"As to the latter," Audley replied, "I need only say, how can it be, while if I am right you must be in error, or the reverse must be the case."

Alfred could not but smile at this absurdity, which had never struck him before, as he said, "On to-morrow I shall talk more on this subject. Tell me now of the dear girls: how are all at ——?" "They are all well. Your aunt is the only visitor now with them."

"And my dear Adela, how does she bear up in the midst of these trials? Oh, Cecil! if there could be a perfect being on earth, I firmly believe it would be Adela."

Cecil was looking attentively at a paper, and without looking up he replied, "Miss Lennox is indeed all that we can imagine good and lovely: none could have more opportunities of observing her than I had. I saw her in the furnace of affliction, and never have I witnessed more perfect submission, or a greater manifestation of the power of divine grace shining more and more unto the perfect day." He looked agitated, but soon added, "And your youngest sister is one in whom I am deeply interested. Early trials have lent the sweet look of seriousness to that young face, and I fondly trust that one who is dear to me as a sister is seeking a Saviour's love to heal her early sorrows."

"It is Marion he loves," Alfred thought, as he remembered with sadness some of Adela's letters, from which he had learned her secret. "Dear, dear Adela! even in this you must be disappointed." Cecil now left him, having received a warm invitation to spend as much of his time as he could spare from his more urgent engagements with him.

When Cecil read the correspondence that had passed between the Roman Catholic clergyman and Alfred, he was struck by the specious style of the former gentleman's arguments ; but to one deeply conversant, as Cecil was, with the Scriptures, his reasoning was shallow and insidious. It led to a long conversation on this subject between Cecil and Alfred, the latter still maintaining the infallibility of the Church of England, while Cecil argued that no earthly church could have that power. "That the Lord Jesus Christ," he continued, "has a church on earth there can be no doubt, but the word church implies an assemblage of persons, therefore his church is not confined to one body of Christians, but embraces *all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*, no matter what the outward badge of their profession may be ; if they are united by the spirit of God as living branches in the true vine, they shall live for ever."

"I cannot agree with you, Cecil. I think

much, very much depends on adhering to the church as faithful members." "Pardon me, Alfred, that is the very rock on which you have split. You place too much dependance on union with the visible church. I should be sorry to separate from outward communion with it without sufficient cause, praying, as I do every succeeding Sabbath, against schism, but if I were a layman, and found myself shut out by my own ministers from hearing the gospel in its purity, I would have no hesitation in joining whatever dissenting congregation I believed to come nearest to the simplicity of the primitive church. If you look for a perfect church, Alfred, remember that when the church was reduced to the smallest possible number, Ham was in the ark; and when an upper room at Jerusalem held the disciples and Jesus present in the flesh with them, Judas was in the midst. St. Peter himself, the apostle on whom one church builds her faith, was not infallible: St. Paul had to withstand him to the face, as he was to be blamed. And Paul,

the chief of the apostles, had a thorn in the flesh sent to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure, and cried out frequently, as we find by his beautiful epistle to the Romans, during his struggle with the remains of corruption in his heart.

“There was but one infallible man ever upon earth, and he is now highly exalted as the risen head of his believing people. Look not to the right hand or to the left. Fallibility has appeared in every church and at every age. Dear Alfred, our Lord has not promised to keep his church infallible, but he will keep her faithful, and he will not leave himself even, at such a time of sifting and trial as the present without his witnesses. If we look at the Romish church, we shall see council contradicting council, one pope annulling the decrees of another: and have we not seen, a short time since, with respect to the Irish Colleges, the priests taking different sides, and flatly refusing to agree in opinion one with the other.

“I allow that if an infallible church could

be preserved on earth, it would be that on which God's Word sheds its unclouded lustre. But do we not see the best and ablest of its ministers often disagreeing, and proving that until the Lord Jesus Christ shall come to reign in righteousness, short-sighted man, however exalted by the church, is liable to err, and will do so until that blessed period arrives." "Therefore instead of having the Bible explained by the church, you would have the church guided by the Bible."

"Undoubtedly. God forbid that I should be one of those who would set up the judgment of any body of men over its authority; to say the least, their inspiration is doubtful, but that of the holy men of old, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, is undoubted."

"But have we not our Lord's own promises to the apostles?" Alfred asked. "Certainly, his promises to them were many and great, and some of those promises, such as 'Lo, I am with you always,' &c., are given to his



believing people in all ages, and not confined to the ministers, although, certainly, most encouraging to those ministers who truly possess the Spirit of God, for they may expect an additional blessing."

"Why were the apostles so abundantly blessed, if those blessings were not to descend to their successors?" "You forget, Alfred, that at this time, when the Gospel was first preached by poor, ignorant men of Galilee, much was required to cause them to be listened to by the scoffing world around them. Having been blessed by the presence of God manifest in the flesh, they had abundant power given unto them to make them able ministers of the New Testament. The miraculous interposition of the Holy Ghost attended the church during those first ages, and when a God of infinite wisdom saw those things no longer necessary, they were withdrawn, and the graces of the Spirit only were in future given to comfort and encourage those who trusted in Him, and enable

them to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things."

Alfred was silent for some time—he felt confused; this was a most unwelcome doctrine to one who had exalted the church above the written word, and believed her ministers infallible. After a short pause he said, "You forget, Cecil, that those who lived nearest the apostolic age have received the doctrine of an infallible church, and of the power of tradition to support it. I cannot agree with you while I have St. Irenæus, Tertullian, and St. Cyprian telling me to the contrary."

"Supposing for an instant, Alfred, that I admit the authority of the fathers as a rule of faith, I cannot agree with you while I have Saints Augustine, Cyril, Basil, and Athanasius telling me not to believe anything but the canonical writings of the apostles and prophets. Ah! Alfred, where was their boasted infallibility? A house divided against itself shall not stand. It is great presumption of

man to talk of infallibility; read on the other side of the question now; remember all true believers have their infallible Head in heaven, and that none on earth should take to themselves that title. Put no earthly power in opposition to his; call no man Father upon earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven (Matt. xxiii. 9).

“Put away from you, as you value your immortal soul, this desire to look to the opinions of fallible man, and take the Word of the living God as your only standard of right and wrong.” Alfred felt as if his revered father was again lifting up his voice against him as he listened; he did not choose that Audley should perceive how much he felt all he had said, and he suddenly closed the conversation by proposing a walk in the park.

They had not gone far when he suddenly turned to his companion, and said abruptly, “If you are right, how is it that I have all this time been wrong, while believing myself acting according to the light and knowledge

I possessed. Cecil, I cannot believe it, seeking earnestly as I did for the truth, that a God of love would have suffered me to be deceived." "You forget, my dear friend, that the heart is deceitful *above all things*, and desperately wicked, and that God oft-times

"... moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

He probably had his own wise purpose in suffering you to go thus far. May he now in his infinite mercy add, but no farther."

"Deceitful *above all things*, Cecil: pray that if I have been deceived, I may be so no longer; and yet I feel a new strange feeling come over me while you speak. I often catch myself saying, 'He must be right,' and try to drive the thought away." "Oh! do so no more; it is the spirit of the Lord striving in your heart." "If I could think so, but—— Sit here until I try to tell you all I have felt this time back. You will not

be surprised to hear, that what I witnessed at my beloved father's death-bed had a deep effect on me ; this was followed up by the delightful particulars I heard from you and my sisters ; and your sermon which I listened to in respect to that dear parent's memory made an impression I never could shake off. I tried to do so, Cecil, but it was in vain ; and whenever I succeeded for a short time, the contents of dear Adela's letters would revive all those thoughts. I was particularly struck by a passage in one of them, where she spoke of the believer's possessing the witness of the Spirit in his heart. I thought this a presumptuous idea, and told her so, but she proved so clearly from Scripture that it was the privilege of the humblest believer in Christ, that I did not mind continuing the subject ; indeed I saw that there was something more than mere earthly wisdom in many of her arguments. Distracted by secret doubts and misgivings, I at length determined to come here again, as my faith in

my own opinions was much strengthened by a short stay in this town before. But, Cecil, I shall own to you that I think our high church men are going too far; some of them have gone over entirely to Rome, others are quickly following in their footsteps, and Mr. Barrington's experience has already taught me much."

"Oh! may it teach you more, Alfred; bear with me while I say, that Puseyism is a wolf in sheep's clothing, an enemy in the midst of the camp of God; offering itself to the desires of the unrenewed heart, it draws into its snares unsuspecting victims by the glare of its external forms. *External religion* is the religion suited to man *in his fallen state*, and the belief that he can do something for his salvation is an idea dear to his soul. We find men crying out, 'What shall I *do* to be saved;' and the Jews enquired of our Lord, 'What shall we *do* that we might work the works of God?' His answer was most remarkable; he said, 'This is the work

of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent,' (John vi. 28, 29.) Believing on Him as the way of salvation, and yet even this belief in their hearts, *must be the work of God*, enabling them to call Jesus Lord by the Holy Ghost. Oh ! how such doctrines bring true humility to the soul, that, perhaps, had once striven to *do* some great thing by which to recommend itself to God !—vain, fruitless effort, as Job acknowledges : ' If I wash myself in snow water, and make myself never so clean, yet shall thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me,' Job ix. 30, 31. It is when thus convinced of the fruitlessness of his tears and prayers and merits to make any atonement for *one* sin, that the sinner will rejoice to hear of Him who is called the Lord our Righteousness (Jer. xxiii. 6), and whose righteousness being counted as the believer's own (2 Cor. v. 21) by it, he stands justified from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses."

A gentleman of Alfred's acquaintance soon joined them, and informed them of tidings which was already ringing from one end of London to the other,—that the Pope was sending over Cardinal Wiseman to be created Archbishop of Westminster. A long conversation on the subject followed; as a political question it sounded harshly on Alfred's ears, but as a religious question it sank heavily on his heart. He felt the share his own conduct as an individual might have had in encouraging views derogatory to the authority of his Queen in this opposing party; but it was a tender point, and Alfred shrank from the investigation. As the gentleman was leaving them, he remarked, "I am truly glad this has occurred; it will arouse the people of England from their slumber, and shew them what they have to expect if they blindly persist in leaving the faith of their fathers, and sinking again under the thralldom of Popery."

Alfred thought this so bigotted a speech that he made no reply, and Cecil, who felt



deeply for him, suffered him to maintain the silence he appeared to wish for during their return home. Cecil visited his friend every day, and found him always ready for conversation on the subject Cecil wished for; the latter did not allude to the startling events of the day, he thought them sufficient in themselves to speak to his conscience; and this delicacy was not lost on Alfred. One day as he visited him, he found him very busy burning papers. "I have burned all my correspondence with the —, and have written to him to decline it for the future." Cecil congratulated him on this determination. "It is time," he replied, "that I should awake in some measure from my dream, when the most careless professor in England is aroused. Cecil, will you have patience to sit with me, and tell me all the doctrines you hold, proving them as you go on from the Bible." Cecil was delighted to do so, and thus shut up even in the midst of this great city from the agitation and fer-

ment caused by the late proceeding of the Pope, they spent some hours profitably. And why so? Why was this wanderer so blessed even at this critical period, when others were swept along by the prevailing torrent? Because a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God had inclined the heart of this erring one to put away the traditions of men, and to listen alone to the oracles of God: because Jesus was present where those two were gathered together in his name, dwelling in the midst, to hear, to guide, and bless them.

Lord John Russell's letter struck home to Alfred's heart. It is too well known to need comment here. He was one of those condemned by it, as enemies within the camp; and whatever were the sensations this letter awoke in the minds of the men of each party, it served as a powerful means of casting the veil off Alfred's heart. The enthronization of Cardinal Wiseman followed; events were thickening daily; many who were high in rank in England, and a few in the sister

island (for so long a time wonderfully preserved), went over to the columns of the enemy. Those who had been hitherto almost perfectly indifferent to religion, took up the gauntlet, and longed for an open war, as Lord W—— advised with the Pope. Some others maintained neutral ground, despising the attempts of one who had but the shadow of power in his own dominions; and the members of the antagonistic party spoke in a conciliating tone, and endeavoured to reconcile the nation to a step so hateful to them. A great crisis had arrived. Protestant England was threatened with an invasion that might in the course of time deprive them of religious liberty.

Men and women of England, clasp your Bibles to your hearts, and dread the approach of any who would take from you this charter of your liberties,—this volume of inspiration!

It was the last week of the year 1850—a year, the latter part of which has teemed with incidents that will prove eventful in the

history of the opposing churches. Adela Lennox sat by a lonely fireside, as her aunt's declining health had caused her to return to Bath some time before, and Marion was attending to the wants of the poor in a distant apartment. Night had cast its sombre shade on every object; and thoughts of the past, brought the unavailing tear to the eye of this dejected orphan. She had not heard from Alfred for some time, and had been greatly alarmed by seeing his name mentioned in one of the papers as one of those who were expected in a short time to secede from the church; but a strong contradiction of this arrived by the next post, and in much suspense she waited for a letter from him. This was the first time that the sisters had been entirely alone, since their bereavement; and it was the more deeply felt at this season of festivity, when having refused many invitations from the surrounding gentry, they passed it in solitude and sorrow. Adela had one comfort to cheer her

in the midst of her trials, and it was the happy certainty that her darling Marion was becoming a sister every day more and more in her best hopes and feelings. Sadly, yet not unprofitably, was she meditating, when she fancied she heard footsteps gently stealing to the door of the room. She was trying to believe it was but fancy, when the door opened, and her beloved Alfred stood before her. In great delight she gazed on him, but soon perceived him agitated to a degree she had never before witnessed. "How kind, my darling Alfred, it was of you to come to us just now, while we were so sadly missing you. How delighted Marion will be to see you ; it is a most pleasing surprise to us both." "Adela, my beloved, my noble-minded sister, can you bear a greater surprise ? Can you bear to find that your brother is no longer a wanderer from the truth—a follower of the traditions of men—an apostate from the faith of his fathers ; but an humble, although hopeful follower of Je-

sus; a disciple at his feet alone, and listening to his Word as He speaks to him from heaven?" Joy deprived Adela of utterance, as with clasped hands she secretly endeavoured to glorify the name of Him who worketh wonders amongst the children of men; and when she could speak, her incoherent sentences shewed the tumultuous sensations that agitated her bosom. "The veil has been rent asunder by an Almighty hand, my sister: but the instrument who has been employed by an all-wise Saviour, is—your friend in hours of sorrow—Cecil Audley." "How shall we be sufficiently grateful to him! He has been a true friend to the dying parent and the wandering brother; how shall we thank him sufficiently for this!" "He is more than rewarded!" exclaimed the person she spoke of, who had entered the room unperceived, in a voice of rapture that thrilled through Adela's heart. She turned to thank him, but words failed her; and seeing the ray of irrepressible delight that played upon

the face that was dearest to him, he was encouraged to whisper, "May he yet hope for more?" The answer in the affirmative that struggled for utterance died away on the trembling lips of Adela, as Alfred, who had been attentively regarding his lamented father's portrait for the last few minutes, approached them; and taking Adela's hand, placed it in that of Cecil, as he exclaimed, "On none but you, dearest Cecil, would I freely bestow such a treasure. Reward thus, beloved Adela, the preserver of your brother."

Marion's light footsteps were now heard and Alfred flew to meet her. Joy, radiant joy, sparkled in her bright face as she heard the happy news: and just as Alfred saw her sinking beneath the agitation of her feelings, he led Cecil to her, and archly desired her address him in future by the tender name of brother. Marion looked involuntarily for Adela, but she had slipped from the room, guessing what would follow; and that night was one of happiness more perfect than any

of the party had ever expected to spend on earth. The following day, Adela, who read her brother's heart, wrote a long letter to Agnes, and quickly received a reply, expressing the delight with which Agnes had read the particulars of Alfred's history for the last few months, and ardently expressing her thanks to the God of all mercies for this unspeakably great blessing, but adding that she thought it too soon to resume her engagement, "as in my last sad conversation with him," she wrote, "I told him that conversion of the heart could alone induce me to renew it; and it is too soon to be assured of that: therefore you will not blame me if I act up to the principles you have so often inculcated, and determine (dear as he must ever be) not to give a decided answer until twelve months have passed, when, with the blessing of our Father in heaven, he will not only be firmly built up in the faith, but we will also have undoubted evidence that he is a true believing child of that Heavenly Father." She then concluded, desiring that



Alfred should not think himself bound in any way to her during that interval. Adela thought it best to let the letter speak for itself, and handed it to her brother. Many conflicting feelings were expressed in his countenance as he read it. After a long pause, he returned it to her, remarking, "Agnes is right; she has much cause to doubt me, weak as I have proved myself. I must acknowledge her wisdom, while my heart bleeds at the disappointment."

Alfred resigned his curacy at —, much to the disappointment of the clergyman and people there, and having determined on remaining quietly at home for the following year, he secured by his decided refusal of his father's living that appointment for Cecil, who had resigned it altogether for his sake, and prevailed on Adela to promise, that when twelve months of mourning would have expired, she would in the following July consent to her union with a friend so deservedly dear to him.

A visit during this day from one of his

parishioners, who had ever resisted Alfred's Puseyite opinions and given him much good advice—then disregarded, gave him great pleasure. The sisters eagerly inquired for Miss St. Clair. His account of her was most satisfactory. "Since her return home," he replied, "she has walked most consistently in the Christian course. Her marked improvement has been a subject of remark to all around. Her desire for doing good, far from being lessened, is increased: she is now acquiring a single eye to the glory of her Heavenly Father, and growing in humility and every Christian attainment. Her religious principles will, I fear, soon have to meet a severe test: the sun of her prosperity is about to set, and she is fully aware of it, but remembers that He has promised, as her day is so shall her strength be; and relying on his almighty arm, she will be sustained in the conflict." Her sympathizing friends felt much for this beloved one, but rejoiced in remembering that whatever of temporal trials

might be before her, she had found the unsearchable riches of Christ, and laid up her treasure in the heavens.

In one or two days more, as Alfred sat with his sisters he spoke of his feelings for some months back as follows, "I cannot describe the deep impression—a never to be forgotten scene—made upon my mind. Day and night the remembrance followed me. I looked back, and remembered all I could of that dear parent's life: I saw religion adorning its every action, and gilding with its glorious rays the scene of his last struggle. I saw how the same religion was supporting you, dearest Adela, in an hour so heart-rending as that. I saw it sustain you while a brother, whom I knew to be very dear, was casting a blight by his conduct upon your brightest hopes, and enabling you to draw into your footsteps that young and darling sister to whom you had been a mother in your earliest youth. I saw it adorning the character of Cecil Audley,

causing him disinterestedly to give up his own hopes of preferment for me, and following me, as I have since found, into the maze of my wanderings to draw me, if possible, into the way of truth. In opposition to all those blessed results which I found flowing from the religion you professed, I found myself an isolated being, torn by my own act from the society of all I loved; and when the first enthusiasm of my profession of religion was exhausted, I felt a void within—a craving after something yet to be discovered—a dissatisfaction with all those external things in which for a time my soul had rested—a feeling that God desires not to dwell in a temple made with hands, but in the hearts of the humble and contrite; and feeling something of the need of spirituality of mind, I found earthly objects had filled the place of that almighty and jealous God. At this period Cecil came to me. The remembrance of a sermon I had heard him preach encouraged me to speak freely to him. It was a

blessed hour ; surely God was in the midst, though I then knew him not !”

“ And now, Alfred, you see clearly that there is no *middle* path between the two religions ?” Adela remarked. “ Most decidedly not. *Puseyism is but Popery in disguise* ; deep and artful, but, alas ! too successful has been the veil cast over it. The people are now aroused, but if no active measures are taken by the government to force all those who have adopted it to shew themselves in their true colours, the delusion will continue, the excitement will soon exhaust itself, and it will sap the very foundations of our church. Oh, my sisters ! am I not a brand plucked from the burning ? May He, who by his grace has made me to differ from others, enable me to glorify him in my body and my spirit, which are his !”

Reader, should you desire to know how Alfred passed his year of probation ; whether Adela and Cecil were united ; and how the

interesting Marion's history progressed, perhaps a voice from the closet shall again resume the tale of Alfred Lennox under the name of his beloved.

FINIS.



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